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THE
A R M E N I A N S.

A TALE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY
CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF
"CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1830.

THE LITTLE BOOK

MY dear Sir,
I am the author of "The Little Book"
I enclose the book for you, and
should be pleased to hear of its
success. I have mentioned it to you in a letter
before, and am now in London, and
have now a quantity of copies for
sale, and the price is 1s. 6d. per
copy, bound in the usual style.
I hope you will be able to
obtain it.

LONDON:

JEFFERSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

y. 1

I have mentioned to you, on a former occasion, that while in Turkey, your book was constantly occurring to me, and that the personages and events of your story haunted me like spirits. Such deep impressions have never been made

on my mind by any work of imagination—nor, perhaps, by any event of real life. Many thousands of admiring readers may have felt in the same mode, though not in the same degree; for it has been my fortune to associate Anastasius with proud Stamboul, to trace him over the Thracian solitudes, and along the Bosphorus' banks, and to summon and enjoy his presence at Smyrna and Magnesia. The triumphal road which leads to Glory's "capitol" is yours—I have taken a more private and familiar path—happy if it lead by the temple of some secondary divinity, or past some grotto, the resort of a grace or a nymph.

To the grand poetical features of your picture of the East, I have felt that

nothing could be added, but have flattered myself that a few domestic traits, not wholly unworthy of notice, might be collected by a later observer. In the Armenians, moreover, I have taken up a very singular people, of whom little has been known hitherto ; and by notes attached to my story, I have endeavoured to convey information as well as amusement. Your acquaintance with Eastern matters will suggest how much I might have dilated, but deep research, or historical disquisition, would be thought misplaced in a work like this. As to the story itself, it is nearly all matter of fact. The son of a Greek Hospodar became enamoured of the daughter of an Armenian banker at Constantinople. They loved—met—married—and were

parted much in the manner I have related ; and I have only shortened the period of their courtship, omitted some of its events, and inserted two or three incidents which did not happen to them, but to other individuals in the country.

It would have been easy to find or to fancy a more complicated tale ; but I have mainly considered this as a medium for description, domestic and scenic. Others may smile at my enthusiasm, but you, to whom the glories of Stamboul and the beauties of the Bosphorus are familiar, will scarcely accuse me of exaggeration or overstrained sentimentality. If those descriptive portions which compose the greater part of my work, recall to your recollection an image, however

faint, of the objects they are intended to represent, I feel confident that you will not regret my respectfully presenting to you these volumes.

I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and devoted servant,

CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

London, April 26, 1830.

THE ARMENIANS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on one of Constantinople's very finest afternoons, that a stranger and a traveller from a distant land, having turned his back with pleasure on the dull etiquette and the palaces of Pera, and the bustle and the warehouses of Galata, was ascending the straits of the Bosphorus with that lively attention to scene and circumstance, that perhaps only the casual visitor knows.

The day had been exceedingly sultry, but the southern winds which had prevailed, had given place to the cool northern breeze of the Euxine, which blew freely, but gently, down the winding passage, and over the narrow waters that separate the continents of Europe and Asia—at that point where, like jealous beauties, each puts on all her charms to meet her rival face to face. “And truly,” thought the northern wanderer, as his light caïk merged from the Golden Horn, and glided by the barracks of Tophana, and the kiosks of Dolma-backchi, “truly each has well arranged her jewels and her appointments—the gems are much the same on either hand, and the charm of variety is found in their arrangement. On this side, on the ridge of the European hill, how sad and yet how lovely is that crescent of cypresses;—death’s coronal—the light-im-

pervious grove, that covers the shallow graves and the marble tombs of the Osmanlis; and on the other side, along the acclivities of the Asiatic hills, how beautiful are the detached portions we catch of Scutari's interminable cemetery, which now retires from the sight in the inequality of its surface, now hides itself behind the extensive suburb or contiguous villas, surrounded with gayer trees:—the regions of death concealing themselves behind the abodes of the living, as, to the moral sense, the dark path to immortality is veiled by the din and bustle of merely mortal life. How sweetly do the hills on either side rise from the edge of the transparent waves, in gentle swells, to their varied elevation—not lofty enough for sublimity, but high enough for beauty! How richly do the golden vineyards cover their sides, that are thickly dotted by painted kiosks and

trees, and flowers of every hue. And here, and there, in Europe as in Asia, are the grey domes and golden pointed minarets of the mosques, on the sides of the hills, or on the water's brink, where they seem, like sentient beings, to be eyeing their loveliness in the excursive flood, or gazing across it at each other in conscious and complacent beauty. How brightly the gilded crescent glitters on the almost invisible points of the minaret's slender cone, and how purely white are the walls of the Moslem temple!!

“To the distant and fanciful eye, the one might appear a miniature luminary, — the other a mount of snow shining in its rays. And hark! from each the Muezzinn's voice — the call to prayer! Those fair edifices should seem themselves instinct with voice, and notes so holy and melodious should be their own spiritual uttering.”

Along the European bank, from the point of Tophana, village succeeds to village, kiosk to kiosk, and the brief dividing spaces, with the exception of one or two romantic cemeteries, are fair gardens, or woody glens, through which some tiny stream finds its way to the majestic Bosphorus. Those imperial palaces are beautiful, although of frail materials; and their shelving projecting roofs, their gay colours and gilded balls and points, convey to the mind ideas essentially oriental, and scenes of the far remoter east,—of the old Ind, or of China. The kiosks, with closely trellised windows, and fronts painted red, are the dwellings of the Turks: the lords of the soil could ill share these shores of superlative beauty with unclean Christians, and for a considerable distance no black or dingy hues denote the houses of rayahs.

The clear waters of the channel lave the walls of many of these abodes of indolence, and permit the listless Effendi to pass in a step, from the caïk that has transported him from Stamboul into his own sofa-furnished saloon; and the never-failing evening breeze must ventilate them all, either through latticed windows or open door and balcony. In many instances, too, in imitation of the refinement of the most luxurious of the ancient Roman patricians, and of the marine villas of Baïce and Pausilypus, these kiosks are so arranged, that the sea waves flow under portions of them, giving a sensation of freshness, whilst their low beat and murmur, amidst the piles that support the building, and the walls beneath, add to that sensation, and give at the same time a soft voluptuous charm to gratify the sense of hearing. And on the Asiatic bank, the scene is

still the same ; and on the very edge of one of the loveliest channels that flow on earth, villages give the hand to each other, and fairy villas extend so tranquilly beautiful, that they ought to be the resort of taste and worth and all the domestic virtues, and not as, alas ! they are, the receptacles of barbarity, tyranny, and grovelling lust.

“ Thus far, indeed,” mused the traveller, “ the features of the rival continents present equal charms ; but if I turn my eye back on what I have left, the beam will incline in favour of my own, my native Europe ; for the Asiatic suburbs of Scutari and Chalcedonia ⁽¹⁾ cannot compete with the glories of even that small portion of proud Stamboul that now meets my eye. ’Tis the seraglio—the occupant of the site of the ancient Byzantium—one tyrant, barbarous palace, covering the space of a whole free, brave city.

'Tis the seraglio, with a group of the imperial mosques towering above its white walls, its leaden domes and black cypresses, and with part of the town stretching away to the right, towards the aqueducts of Valens. ⁽²⁾ 'Tis the extreme point of the fair triangle, washed on one of its sides by the broad Propontis; on the other, by the waters of the tranquil Golden Horn. 'Tis the spot specially appointed by nature to be one of earth's capitals. 'Tis a scene at once sublime and lovely.

“How do the white fronts of the scattered edifices within that vast inclosure, contrast with the dark cypresses which occupy nearly all the space of what can scarcely be called a garden. The setting sun brightens with his glow every other object in this magic panorama, but he cannot influence the colours of those white walls and black trees, which each, intense in its way,

and by its opposition to the other, thus ever looks, and is unchangeable. In part pallid beyond marble, in part more sombre than the grave, the seraglio has an imposing, unearthly aspect; and associating with it, the deeds, the crimes of which it has been, and is the scene, it might be compared to the appearance the rebellious archangel would have presented, had it pleased Omnipotence, instead of casting him to hell with thunders, to blast him with a look, and fix his giant bulk in lifeless, motionless stability. For even so pale, so sad, so vast, and yet so beautiful, might we imagine the fallen cherub, if death struck, ere his form had lost 'its original brightness,' and transfixed for ever with the first hues of fear, and sorrow, and remorse, upon him.

“Those imperial mosques, that rise in the rear of the palace or the prison, are Stamboul's

proudest works ; their minarets are lofty, their domes are vast and boldly swelling, and taking all in all, what city of Europe can offer to the eye four such temples, and in immediate contiguity with each other, as Santa Sophia, the Sultan Achmet, the Sultana Validé, and the Sulimanye?

“ Yes! fair Europe surpasses her duskier rival ; and a portion, a small, though a glorious portion, of the vast Stamboul, decides her immeasurable superiority. But, no! the vapours of the sultry day are dissipated by the northern breeze, they withdraw like the raising of a veil of golden tissue from the bosom of the Propontis ; the eye can now reach the farther Asiatic shore of that magnificent basin : all is clear, and the rays of the setting sun rest upon the sublime heights of the Bithynian Olympus.

“Its long, wavy ridge, covered with eternal snows, that at this moment show more rose-hued than ever did Mont Blanc, or any other of the Alps, seems a fitting path for celestial feet, an appropriate throne for the divinities of old, if those essences of paganism were susceptible of interest in the glories of this nether world, and in the sight of regions so admirably formed for the solace, the support and prosperity of mortals. How beautiful, how sublime, that range of mountain, with a cloudless sky above its head—a waveless sea at its feet! Now the more ancient of the rivals prevails. Asia surpasses Europe,—and the glories of Olympus eclipse those of Stamboul, as those of nature ever will surpass those of art!”

The traveller may have been right in his decision; but before giving his preference to the Asiatic side, he ought to have provided, either

that Olympus should be somewhat nearer, or the atmosphere clearer, for it is but rarely, and on fine evenings, such as he was favoured with, that the mountain is visible from the Bosphorus, and enters in the picture. His light caïk meanwhile, propelled by the sturdy arms of two Greek boatmen, each working a pair of oars, ascended the channel.

To avoid the force of the current, it is necessary to keep close in to the European bank; but even thus, it is at certain angles of the channel so impetuous, that a dozen pair of oars would scarcely master it; and at these places the boat is taken in tow by a number of men, who run along the quay, as horses are seen to do by the sides of our canals. Proceeding in this mode, seldom more than a few feet from the shore, the stranger could view in detail, the features on the European bank, or such of them as were

on the water's edge; whilst on the side of Asia, at the varying distance of half, or three-quarters of a mile, his eye could embrace the counterpart of the picture, with its lovely background of wooded hills, all, thanks to the peculiarity of their situation, and to the winds and vapours from the Black Sea, fresh, and gaily green, even at that advanced period of a sultry summer. Numerous and beautiful were the shady nooks and bosomy hills, he thus passed in close or in distant view, and so lovely seemed each, that he felt as if he could there put his foot on shore and cease his wanderings; but as still he went on and on, and scenes more exquisite burst upon him, he could have wished thus to glide for ever, or that the little boat were to him the world, and that objects such as then delighted him, were destined to be his sole occupation in life, his charm till death.

He had passed the romantic village of Ar-naüt-Keul, the imperial kiosk of Bébéck, a religious wood of cypresses mixed with tombs, fractured sarcophagi, and masses of rocks, producing together the most picturesque effect; he had gazed on the opposite shores, and had dwelt with delight on the lovely village of Kandilly, and its projecting eminence, with one fair country house, and tall green trees; he had glided under the memorable but not imposing looking castle of Mahomet the Second, or the Roumeli-Hissar; he had shot across the deep inlet of Balta liman, or "the Port of the Ax," and was now approaching a spot of peculiar loveliness. A gentle projection—a point of land, that might have been the cape of some miniature world of perfect elegance, shot out into the clear Bosphorus. Its ridge, the very line of grace, was designated against the picturesque, but ruder

back-ground of the Thracian bank ; its whole extent was covered with a wood of cypress and pine, that murmured to the sighs of the evening breeze, while some of those fair but sad trees, standing on the very line that separated sea from land, seemed to have their roots deep beneath the waves.

From this holy recess, the white marble sepulchres gleamed on the eye, and these too extending themselves to the Bosphorus' brink, the "turbaned stone," and the less honoured pillar that marks a woman's grave—the lowly stone with a rudely carved basket of flowers, or a solitary rose,—were reflected in the waters, whose gentle laving, with the moaning of the trees above, formed a natural and enduring requiem, or dirge, for those who slept the sleep of death, that each evening would hear repeated, save when the wintry Euxine should throw

down his copious discharge with increase of rapidity, and lashing torrent and roaring gale should substitute, for notes that sounded like the gentle plaint of subdued anguish and holy sorrow, the groans and outcries of recent and irremediable woe.

Though the stranger had loitered long on his way, he could not fail to linger at a spot like this—his heart had been bruised by early affliction, he had felt the loss of those he loved, the disappointment of many a bright and ardent hope; he was grieving at the time under sickness of body, and, worse, of heart, and nervous and moral irritation, and disgust, had only been suspended for awhile, not removed, by the interest he felt in the novel objects he had just passed. The present touched him more than all. Those pallid marbles spoke of the “beautiful in death;” those sepulchral shades

of cypress and of pine, promised a repose that would not be disturbed; and the low winds, those voices of heaven, that sighed through them, said, in tones that could not be misunderstood, "Poor mortal! why all this fret and fever—this cark and care? yet a few short years, and most assuredly thou shalt be as they o'er whom *we* breathe; and in the grave, or in the regions beyond it, matter of utter indifference will it be, whether thy career of life have been brilliant or otherwise!"

The shades of evening were now lengthening apace, and the mountain ridges, and capes of Europe, reflected in the waves, seemed to do homage to the hills of Asia, and to kiss their feet.

Boats as numerous as the carriages on a summer evening on the Neapolitan Corso, now glided up the channel, each with its propor-

tionate and full freight of human beings, to the villages on its banks, whither the more wealthy of the Turks reside during the fine season, and the more respectable of the Frank and Rayah population retire after the business of the day. These caïks presented a striking and agreeable variety as they passed in succession by the stranger, who, having no one to "await his coming, and look brighter when he came," and no object, or chance of enjoyment there, save in the beauty of the scenery, ordered his boatmen to row as gently as they could.

The rapidly succeeding figures in the moving and animated picture, were easy to be recognized and reduced to their separate castes and conditions, even by a stranger. A lengthier caïk, advancing to the pull of three pair of oars, would announce a Turkish effendi—it would approach—go by—with noiseless, or rather,

voiceless speed, for the splash of the oars would be audible, but not one syllable of social—of human converse.

Reclining on soft cushions, in the bottom of the boat, or seated cross-legged on a carpet of brilliant hues, but in either case, as for ever, with his long pipe—its tube a cherry-stick or a lithe jasmine, with an envelope of cotton and silk, bathed in rose-water to keep it cool; its mouth-piece precious amber, enriched with gold and enamel,—the indolent proud Stamboul lord would be seen with two slaves at his feet, or standing in the waist of the boat, with their arms crossed on their breasts, and their eyes fixed on their master, to detect his will and pleasure in his looks. At times, as he passed the Christian stranger, without turning his head, he would turn his large black eyes in their sockets, take a glance short and con-

temptuous, and, caressing his flowing beard with complacent pride, glide on, as if he were saying to himself, “the ill-shaven dog, what does he here?”

But far more frequently the ghiaour was not honoured even by this doubtful sort of notice; and the haughty barbarian would shoot by him, as if he were nought but a familiar rock or tree, utterly unworthy of the trouble of a look.

The effendi, perhaps, would be followed by a more humble caïk, and a party of Turkish traders—drillers and venders of pipes, tobacco, or shawl merchants.

There would be, perhaps, four, six, eight of these dear friends and neighbours in the close juxta-position, necessitated by a sheer, narrow boat, yet not a word of conversation would be heard from them, unless it should happen, that

just at the moment of their passing, a pipe should be finished, or a tobacco-pouch emptied, and a piece of lighted *amadou*, or a bowl full of the heavenly weed, required. These Osmanli bazaar-gandjis would probably have in their rear (for these two classes sympathize together more than any other in the East), a black, modest looking, but finely built caïk, with a cargo of fat Armenian seraffs, or bankers, recognizable to a man with good eyes, at least a quarter of a mile off, by their black calpacks and dress, their peculiarly large long eyes—black, but as lustreless and as heavy as lead; by their dingy, oily complexions, plaited mustachoes, and stubbled chins, and, more than all, by their immense asinine ear, which is as distinctive of their race, as is the Jewish eye of the children of Israel.

The social soul of these rayahs seems as

thoroughly absorbed in coffee-cups and tobacco-pipes, as that of their masters the Turks—they have no other idea of enjoyment, and the amount of their pleasure is counted on the number of chibooks they may have filled in the course of the day.

It would be rarely, therefore, that the stranger could catch any thing but smoke from these equipages; and if he did, it would most undoubtedly be a pouring forth of the spirit of lucre, and “*rubiehs*” and “*paradis*,” would be the sounds—the first and the last, to strike his ear. ⁽³⁾

Towards evening, a certain number of common passage-boats, capable of containing a host, and rowed by a multitudinous assemblage of oars, quit the rotten wooden scales or wharfs on the Constantinople side of the Golden Horn, with the small fry of traders, the refuse of the

shop-keepers of the bazaars ; for even they, poor and tasteless as they may be, hasten to escape from Stamboul's narrow streets and hovels, to the gay and ever verdant banks of the Bosphorus.

Several of these, all slowly as they went with their heavy freight against the rapid current, passed our loiterer, who was, or might have been, amused with the motley, huddled appearance of their living contents. The boatmen, with red cloth skull-caps, and muscular arms, naked to the shoulder joint, were so impeded and mixed up with the passengers, that they could not always be seen. On the elevated poop, a thickly wedged mass of turbans, cal-packs, and beneeshes, appertaining to cross-legged sedent figures, offered a tangible and stable breadth of objects ; beneath them, in the bottom of the boat, like the hold of a slave-

ship, or more like a cargo of loose rags embarked at Naples, to be made into paper at Leghorn or at Genoa, would be bestowed an undulating, varied mass of dirty white yashmacks and feridjis, belonging to sundry females; and this would be dotted here and there by a glaring skull cap, decorated with shining yellow coins, (fair vouchers to the truth, that all is not gold that glitters,) denoting the presence of some child of the foregoing.⁽⁴⁾

Longitudinally disposed, and between the rowers, who, as I have said, were almost hid, were sundry poor bazaar sweepers on the edge of the boat, over whose sides their long pipes projected like so many fishing rods; and, to finish the account of the stowage of the cargo, the platform at the prow of the barge was covered with turbans, calpacks and beneeshes, just as its poop. As this Charon-like bark and

freight passed, the mingled and euphonous sounds of the 'Osmanlis' and the Armenians' Turkish, the Greeks' Romaïc, and the Jews' degraded Castilian, ⁽⁵⁾ floated, with clouds of tobacco, on the air,—for these mingled classes could talk as well as smoke: all were poor enough to be merry,—and whenever a dozen Greeks are gathered together, there, you may be sure, will be gossip, and wit, and laughter among them; whilst the poor Israelites, contemptible as they are, rise a degree or two in estimation, from their superior sociability and conversiveness, and are generally found ready to take their chibook from their mouths, to laugh at any body's joke. ⁽⁶⁾

Another of the groups in the aquatic procession, which that evening might (no, *must*, from the habits of the animals,) have glided past our observer, would be a hired caïk with

two pairs of oars, containing a thing of infinite solemnity and importance, in yellow slippers, fawn coloured jubbee, and samoor calpack—a drogoman—a dealer in words; the *renderer* into bad Turkish, of the bad French of some pompous minister of some infinitely little European state—a post he is as proud of, as if he delivered to mortals the edicts of the great Jupiter. Perhaps, he would have with him his better half, *Madame La Drogomanesse*, certainly, one or two flippant “jeunes des langues,” those aspirants at diplomacy; and as they go by on their four oars, and impertinently *toiser* the sick, irritable stranger, he may have the satisfaction of hearing such pleasant remarks as these—“*Voilà encore un Anglais poitrinaire. Qu'est il. Est-ce qu'il a été présenté au palais? Croyez vous qu'il soit noble. Est il Protestant à l'ordinaire, ou Ca-*

tholique comme notre Docteur," &c. And thus they pass on their way to the village of Buyukderè, where they and their masters have transferred all the stiffness and ennui of Pera, and that etiquette, the great concern of those pigmy diplomatists who have no sort of business to transact—no political nor commercial interests to conduct. There, along the smooth extending quay, washed with waves ever clear as the mountain stream, with the Giant's Mount, the entrance into the Euxine, and the wooded dell of the "Grand Signior," scenery rich, lovely, and elevating, to a degree almost equal to any thing on earth, constantly before their eyes; or in the promenade of the Great Valley, so picturesque, so romantic, so pastoral, and in the shade of its glorious plane trees, these creatures of Pera never lose sight for a moment of their own paltry importance,

but persist in frightening away the Dryads with their eternal discussions on rank and precedence, interlarded with obsolete and most intolerant polemics.

The bad humour that such knowledge might have imparted to the stranger, was as yet spared him ; but he felt the insolence and vulgarity of the gaze of this boat-load of *drogomanerie*, and was about wishing them at the devil, or somewhere equally remote, when the sounds of a guitar struck his ear, and turning his head, he saw a caïk with a company of Fanariote or superior Greeks in his wake. Their object, like his, was not speed ; they remained for some time behind him, and he was charmed with the sweet sounds of a female voice, that sang a patriotic ode, ardent, if not as poetical, as the songs of Greece's better days. The last strophe of the ode was repeated by all in the boat, even

by the boatmen, in a loud, spirit-stirring chorus, and to its theme "May Hellas again be free—may the arms of a Themistocles or a Leonidas again prepare the way for the arts, and the elegancies of Pericles," the stranger joined a silent, but deep and sincere "Amen!" and felt his heart revive at the thought, that even in those regions, so long blasted by an oriental despotism, there still existed a class capable of aspirations after liberty and European civilization.

The Greek boat now lay alongside his: the freight it bore was worth examining:—three lovely young women, sisters, from their striking resemblance to each other, a fourth lady, more advanced in years, yet still handsome, and rather like an elder sister than the mother, which no doubt she was, sat at the stern of the caïk, on crimson cushions ornamented with fan-

tastic gilding, the handywork of Persia, and on carpets that seemed, from their softness and thickness, and the glowing richness of their hues, the reality of those flower-sprent parterres they were meant to imitate,—these also the product of Persian industry and ingenuity. Over their heads, a light transparent parasol of ethereal blue, turned towards the sun, cooled the warm crimson rays of evening, ere they fell on the classically pale complexions of the ladies; and the whole scene recalled to the wanderer's mind the most glorious of all aquatic pictures, his own Shakspeare's imperishable description of the descent of the Cydnus; for each of the sisters, beauteous, graceful, imperial, seemed a younger Cleopatra, without the wantonness of the Egyptian Queen; the sea strait, the Bosphorus, is, in all its length, a stately river to the eye; there were the tones of music on the air, and

each of the ascending caïks might feel proud to be the attendant barks, and the suite of the fair princesses.

A fine, gentlemanly looking man, with his moustache slightly silvered by years, seemed the husband of the elder lady, the father of the young ones ; four much younger men were there, —the eye, the chin, the smile of one of them, showed fraternity, but the other three were far too gallant to stand, at the most, in a closer degree of kindred than that of cousins—they might be lovers—that they were admirers, the glances of their lively eyes betrayed.

The free intercourse of the sexes, as here displayed, contrasting with the true Turkish mode, and oriental jealousy, with which all other classes in the East shut up their wives and daughters, and mask their faces when abroad—with that spirit which has even invaded the

Frank or European Christians long settled in the country—the adaptation of the plan and conduct of society, to which modern nations owe half their amenities, and perhaps half their virtues, and without which men would be rude brawlers or indolent carousers, and women chroniclers of the lore of the kitchen or the nursery, seemed to the stranger one among many proofs of the superiority of the Greek people.

As the caïk, which, either by accident or design, lay several minutes alongside, or off the bow of his own boat, gained on him, and was leaving him in the rear, certain sweet glances from the eyes of the young ladies, and the commiserating tones of their “Kaiémena!”⁽⁷⁾ more touching to the ear of the stranger than perhaps any other sound he ever heard, except some note of pity or affection in his own, his mother tongue,

could scarcely fail of increasing the interest the northern wanderer felt for these children of the East.

“How beautiful ! how graceful !” mused he ;
“let those political troglodytes, who would dig into the bowels of the earth, to find an argument against the Greeks and their re-establishment as a nation, ransack their brains for proofs that the Hellenes of the present day are not the descendants of the ancient Greeks. For myself, I seek, I ask no better proof of their legitimacy, than features and forms like those I have just seen—those breathing identifications of what we call ideal beauty—of those immortal creations of the Greek chisel, over which the art of after ages and other lands has sighed in impotent despair—those traits which shadow the impress of divinity and immortality, and would almost excuse, or deem it not idol-

atry in us, to bow the knee to the Belvedere Apollo, and the Medicean Venus—yea, even to worship them! What historic page, what genealogical tree, were it even traced pure and unbastardized from its very roots, with every branch spotless and intact, with not so much as a twig of unfair growth, could vouch and identify like these pronounced and exquisite qualities? Nay, more—that gracefulness of motion, that delicacy, that finished elegance, in each and the smallest action,—all bear testimony of the affinity of the Greeks of to-day, to the Greeks of twenty-two centuries ago!”

The stranger's reflections were interrupted by the passage of another caïk, which crossed his bow, and made the quay of Emenerghen-Oglu, from which village he was but a few oars' length distant. A young man of elegant appearance, went from the boat to the landing-place with an

elastic step. His dress was splendid and Turkish, all save his samoor calpack, which denoted him to be of the Hospodars, or Greek princes, of Wallachia or Moldavia.

When he stood on the stone quay, he paused to speak to somebody, probably an attendant, in the boat. At that instant, two female figures turned the corner of some buildings, and appeared on the quay. The white yashmack, the loose, ample envelope of pelisse, the roomy boot and papoosh, were worn by each, and their concealment might have equalized to the eye youth and age; but the stooping attitude, the slower step of one of the females, betrayed her years, while the carriage of the other, erect and gliding like that of a swan, gave evidence of the existence of a young form, and a young and confiding heart animating it. Before the prince turned his face from the boat towards

them, they stopped at a house but a few feet behind him. The elder female clapped her hands, the door flew open by some invisible agency, for no attendant was seen, and anon it shut in the same manner on the visitors, who had glided in, but not before the prince had caught a glance of their muffled figures. He paused a moment, then, apparently first casting his eye along the quay, which was entirely deserted, save by two or three Greek children, who were seated on its curb-stones, angling in the channel, he advanced to the house, called "Petracki" in a gentle voice, and the hinges turning as they had just done to the ladies, he entered—the door closed on him and them, and his caïk glided down the current, towards the neighbouring village of Istenia.

"Ho, ho!" thought the stranger, "even in this land of bolts and bars, and veils and sacks,

the capricious god has his devotees—the stakes are high—that youth's life or faith⁽⁸⁾ pays the penalty of discovery ! But no—the messler—⁽⁹⁾ the papooshes of the silent fair ones were certainly not yellow—the robes were of the dark brown hue affected by Armenian women—the house is not red, but black—it is only some rayah the Greek is wronging, and he is safe !”

of the Roman empire. Many years before that fatal period, as we have seen, the Romans and Barbarians were in a state of intimate acquaintance, as they were bound to be, through the progress of the war, and the necessity of mutual assistance, and the necessity of mutual assistance, and the necessity of mutual assistance.

CHAPTER II.

At the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II. religious error, bigotry, and long and tyrannical misrule, had reduced the Greek character; though in forming our judgment of it, we should not overlook the moral condition of the different people of Europe at the same time, nor forget, that except the miniature republics of Italy, none were so civilized, whilst nearly all were as obnoxious to superstition, deceit, and fickleness, as the melancholy remnant

of the Eastern empire. Many years before that fatal period, or in the days of Petrarca and Boccaccio, the sons of Greece, degenerate as they were, gave to Europe the key to the inestimable treasures of their ancient letters, and while we doubt, or abstain from entering on the long discussion of "whether Italian literature, the earliest cultivated in Europe after the ages of barbarism, be the child of the Hellenic muses, or indigenous and original," we must all acknowledge, with confident gratitude, that it was to those men who visited and corresponded with the Italian peninsula, and to those of their countrymen who followed them at the distance of a century, that the world is indebted for the immortal pages, whose mere appreciation implies a mental superiority, which could not exist among a people wholly degraded and barbarized, as some wri-

ters have represented the Greeks at the period referred to.

The mind that has been nourished and elevated by the works of old Greece, that has traced the full effect and extent of those works on the literature and manners of modern Europe, may shudder without suspicion of affectation, or morbid sensibility, at the idea of their loss, and at the picture of what the world would now be without them. The barbarians that overran the Roman world, when the Romans had lost their virtue, more indolent, or more judicious than the Turks, would frequently respect the wonders of ancient architecture; the friendly earth covered many a divine work of the Greek chisel, to be providentially restored at the very moment that taste for the arts should re-awaken from its long sleep, and require such examples and guides:—temples and

statues, the marble and the bronze, were almost time-proof, and protected besides by concurring circumstances ; but frail papyri and parchments, consumable by fire, by time, by use, by disuse, were the only retainers of the harmony of the Ilias, the periods of Demosthenes, Herodotus, Xenophon, and Thucydides ; and but for the still surviving taste and religious respect for what they could no longer imitate,—but for a sparkle of their fathers' fire, in the bosom of the Greeks, which induced them to propagate their copies of the codices, and sedulously to preserve them, they would most surely have been to us as though they had never been. Religion will not deem such cares incompatible with the operations of the divine Being, who, promising a state of perfectibility in a future life, interdicts not, but encourages, our aspirations after improvement and excellence in this :

nor will it be held inconsistent with heavenly attributes, that it was providence so admirably arranged matters for our benefit,—so timed events, that the Greek empire was not annihilated, and the most enlightened of its subjects were not scattered abroad, until a portion of Christian Europe had risen in arts and letters, and the soil of Italy was fully prepared to receive the fructuous seed. The merchant-citizens of Italian republics, emulous of Athens, had already expended the gains of their commerce in the purchase of ancient manuscripts; the names of the Greek poets, philosophers, and historians, though still mysterious sounds, had been heard in the schools, and the man, though in manners a brute,⁽¹⁾ had been revered as an angel, who could unlock the closed treasures, or give a course to the sealed fountain.

Even after we have subtracted from the ac-

count of the siege and taking of Constantino-
ple, all that cotemporary alarm and irritation,
and the prejudices of conflicting faiths may have
added or exaggerated, and if with admirable
indifference to human suffering, we closely
calculate the woes and horrors that then befel
the Greeks, still we shall have a terrific amount.
The happiest fell by the sword, after stopping
the "deadly breach" with their gallant Em-
peror, and evincing valour equal to ancient
Greece's boast—the hundreds at Thermopylæ—
the vulgar are safe in their obscurity; but of
the patrician families who did not seek safety
in flight, and the abandonment of their mate-
rial possessions, many were reduced to slavery,
and subjected to political and studied debase-
ment by the Turks. Their beautiful children
became the prey of Eastern lust and brutality,
and in tender age, and separated from their

parents and their caste, their religion gave way to the precepts of a Mahometan chodjea.

In the process of not many years, the melancholy fragment of the Greek aristocracy was confined to the narrow limits of the Fanar, a district of the vast capital, situated on the port, or the Golden Horn, nearly at the end of Constantinople, against whose battered walls its extreme left (in military parlance) may be said to rest. Here, in the lowest, the darkest, the dampest quarter of their own city, were relegated the noble Greeks, and the comparison would be fair; and the transfer parallel, should the inhabitants of St. James's be removed, by some caprice of fortune, to those unknown regions—Wapping or Limehouse.

Much has been said of the *philosophic* tolerance of the Mahometans; but the Turks had found the Greek people, even in their worst

days, steadfast in the faith they professed, and ever ready to testify even unto death: to destroy a whole race in cold blood, was perhaps too atrocious for their fanaticism and cruelty; and if they did so, who would pay the kharatch or capitation tax,⁽²⁾—who would cultivate the grounds, build the houses, and exercise those few mechanical arts essential to the Osmanlis, however barbarous? But the conqueror, Mahomet II. had much to gain by indifference, and by renouncing the dogma which imposes on the Musulmans the duty of converting to the Koran, or slaying with the scymetar, all the nations of the earth: he took, as several of his predecessors had done, the modified sense of another passage of the “*sacred bones*,”⁽³⁾ which allows the victors to permit the unbelieving vanquished to wear their heads, on condition of their paying an annual tribute to the faithful for the pri-

vilege; and more, by an infernal policy, he made their very religion and his tolerance work against them, by the nature of his convention with their Patriarch, which submitted them to a real hierarchal tyranny, while it proffered an apparent recognition of rights and privileges to the Greeks. This is not the place, or it might be shown how prejudicial such a government within a government, or tyranny within a tyranny, has been to the character of the Greek people; how the teachers of the Gospel of Christ have been made subservient to Mahometan oppressors, and how the shepherd has oftentimes leagued with the wolves, to devour the helpless flock.

But the moderation of the Turks, which allowed the rayahs their religion, did not leave them places of worship to exercise it in; they seized all their churches—the crescent was

erected on the dome of Santa Sophia, the glory of the Eastern Christians;—minarets, whence the unity of the godhead was proclaimed, arose by the stately temple, specially dedicated to the holy and mysterious Trinity; and the Greeks who beheld all this, had but a few low, mean edifices allotted to them, nor were they thenceforth, either in the Fanar or in any other part of the empire, permitted to erect a place of worship, or even to repair, nay, to whitewash, the walls of the churches they already possessed, without the consent of the Porte—a consent never obtained but by the disbursement of ruinous sums of money, and frequently, when granted and paid for, made unavailable by the fanaticism of the Turkish mob. The European traveller, though exempt from religious enthusiasm or prejudice, who shall attend the early morning service in the miserable Greek cathedral at

the Fanar, and shall mark its humble door, its low, dingy roof, its narrow aisles—infinately too narrow for the flocking devotees—its gloomy crumbling walls, and its turret without a bell;⁽⁴⁾ and who shall merge thence, on the open square of the Hippodrome, and eye the swelling domes of Santa Sophia, and of the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and their aspiring pinnacles, their gilded minarets—their portals, “so high, that giants may jut through, and keep their impious turbans on,” cannot fail being forcibly struck by the contrast, and feeling in its full extent, the humiliation of the Greek and the Christian.

The Greeks were degraded, but no oppression could destroy their active, busy spirit; and the Turks, in their own ignorance and inaptitude, soon felt the want, and employed the services of those whom they affected to despise.

Such aids as masons, architects, and others merely mechanical, or approaching it, may be passed in silence ; but as the Turks came more frequently in contact with the nations of Europe, they must recur to European languages and polity, and they were, as they still are, ignorant of both, and obstinately disinclined to learn them.

Now the Greeks, who were interdicted the use of the sabre, were expert in the employment of that weapon, sharper than the sword—the tongue: they were prying and inquisitive, and from their community with them, every way more adapted to read the riddles, and detect the manœuvres of the infidel dogs, than the honest, the loyal, and somewhat *indolent* Osmanlis. The Greeks were elected to the offices of drogoman to the Porte, and drogoman to the fleet; and from that moment, for the honour of the yellow slippers,⁽⁵⁾ for the

consideration, the pecuniary emolument, the wide arena for ambition, attached to those ranks, the Fanar became a scene of intrigue unparalleled perhaps on earth. The certain dangers accompanying the career did not deter the ambitious, and the fall of predecessors' heads only seemed to them steps to rise by, and gave no warning, that the occupation of the desired post would, of a certainty, expose their own lives to the same violent end. We may condemn the operations of this spirit in the Greeks, that frequently made them unmindful, even of what is proverbially strong and ardent among them—the force of blood, and the ties of consanguine affection; but our curse ought to be upon those who left no other avenues open to their rayah subjects, and perverted the passion of ambition, in itself noble, and the cause of the beauty and progress of our moral, and in

part of our material world, though its unruly excess may be eternally fatal to the one, and may devastate the other.

A wider and a more splendid field than the dark room at the Porte,⁽⁶⁾ or the inferior cabin at the arsenal, or on board the Capitan Pasha's *Belik*,⁽⁷⁾ was, however, in time to be opened to the Greeks, and their intrigues were destined to have provinces and principalities for their object. When the Turkish crescent, (belying its name,) from remaining a long period without sensible increase or decrease, began to wane rapidly, and the Ghiaours no longer trembled at the Osmanli name, but invaded their conquests; it was determined by the high will of the Muscovites, what indeed, and with much more, had been stipulated for by those provinces themselves, when they submitted to the Sultans, that the regions between the Danube and the Pruth,

which contained a Christian population of the same church as themselves, and the Greeks, should no longer be oppressed by the constant interference of Turkish Pashas, but governed by Greek Hospodars, to be chosen from the noble families of the Fanar by the Porte, to be guaranteed and protected, (which they never were !) in their principalities, by the Russian Autocrat.⁽⁸⁾

Loyalty and honesty in all their dealings have been attributed to the Turks very generally; and if the experience of unprejudiced persons has not always tended to confirm them those merits, the moral qualities may still exist among the more obscure of the nation, who are withdrawn from contact or observation; but all the virtues seem to evaporate before ambition, and advancement, and government intrigue, and, as one has recently said, "it

may be doubted whether there exist a more corrupt set of men than the Turkish grandees, or those who have to do with the Porte."

The treacherous system of intrigue will be resorted to only when there is a certainty of its efficaciousness, and this, as regards the Turks, was to be found in their ignorance and stupidity, their rapaciousness and universal corruptibility; they, besides, set an example in their own conduct, and the intrigue, the insidiousness, the bribery resorted to for the hospodariats by the Greeks, were only imitations of those practised for pashaliks by the Turks, whilst the latter, or the Osmanlis, in both cases, were the mammons to whom the acceptable sacrifice was offered.

Great craft may be compatible with extreme barbarity; and this Turkish history will prove in almost every page: but the Greeks, confirmed by an ancient proverb, by the long habit of seeking refuge from the oppression of

the strong, in cunning—the Greeks, by nature quick and adroit, certainly perfected the system of intrigue; and, compared to the *menées* of the Fanar, the plots and projects of the Turks seem inartificial and coarse.

The noble Greek families formed into factions that were quite equal to the injustice and to all the extremes of party; but the members of the separate factions could never be sure of one another, even when they stood in so close a degree of consanguinity as that of brothers: nay more, and still more horrid, cases are not wanting, where the demon of ambition has so obliterated the feelings of nature in the bosoms of the Fanariote Greeks, that for the principality of Wallachia or Moldavia, father has intrigued against son, the son against the father, though the success of either would peril the property, the liberty, or the life of the other. The gold of Christians was poured into the lap

of infidels, to effect the ruin of Christians and brethren; and eunuchs and women, and all the strange assemblage called the faction of the interior, or of the seraglio, were flattered and bribed to secure the governments of an exhausted Christian people. Yet this sacrifice of repose and principle was only to secure a few months' pageantry, terminating by a violent death; but as when the game was of meaner value—a tergiuman's slippers instead of an hospodar's calpack—the sanguinary catastrophes were insufficient to check the ambition of the candidates, and on they went through falsehood and through crime, through abjectness, and brief arrogance, to the cymetar or the bow-string. But the step to the grave was from a throne; and even a father who loved his son that had been recently executed, could reply to a condoling stranger, "At least he died Prince of Wallachia!" (9)

If many dwellers in the Fanar abstained from the dangerous career, and, taking wider views and a higher ambition, looked forward to the day when the Greeks might be released from Turkish misrule, and exist again as a nation; if many of the intriguing Boyars themselves contributed to the improvement of the Greek people, by their own adoption of European ideas, and by the pains they took in imparting to their sons, and of late years even to their daughters, the advantages of European education; it must still remain enregistered against their class in general, that they were indifferent to patriotism, or—in the words of one who knew them well, and was not disposed to veil their defects—"the Fanariotes saw all Greece within the compass of the Fanar: out of it, they have said they had no country." ⁽¹⁰⁾

Had the Greek princes conferred any benefit

on the unfortunate Wallachians and Moldavians they were sent to govern, we might judge more leniently of the evil, for the good it produced ; but in the rapacity and pride of the Fanariote, the Christians had not unfrequently occasion to regret the Turkish Pasha.

Exhausted in pecuniary resources by the amount of the bribes given to obtain their posts ; worried incessantly for fresh bribes, whereby to keep them ; eaten up by relations and retainers, whom they had contracted to provide for ; beset by Jewish or Armenian Seraffs, who had furnished the sums for their costly equipment, or a succedaneum to the Vizier for their merit as rulers ; and worked upon, moreover, by a love of pomp and display innate to them, the Greek princes were obliged to squeeze their subjects to the very utmost, and depopulation and increasing misery bore testimony to their mis-

rule, and perfectly accorded with the condition of the rest of the hapless provinces of the Turkish empire. Nothing, therefore, remains to excuse the Fanariotes, but the nature of ambition, general to man, the vices and imbecilities of those with whom they were constrained to act, and their own talent—for talent it was, however ill employed.

“The princes of Wallachia and Moldavia,” once said a Greek with glistening eyes, “were *kings* while it lasted: they were surrounded by none but men of their own faith, who showed as much outward respect to them, as the Osmanlis do to the Padishah himself: there the Turkish grandee could not do what the Turkish beggar dare elsewhere—insult them by word and gesture: the princes, named to all offices of trust and honour, the swords of Christian soldiers leaped from the scabbards at their com-

mand, and if it was but in pageantry, it bore the aspect of real and imperial power; while their courts shadowed forth, however faintly, the splendour of that of the Byzantine emperors, the dignities and titles of which were in part renewed at Bucharest and at Jassy.” (11)

“Aye,” rejoined another Greek, “the post was worth having, were it but for the satisfaction of being able to punish the insolence of the Turks, and to rise superior to them. By the orders of the Sultan, every respect was to be paid to his lieutenants, though they were Greeks, rayahs, ghiaours; and when the Prince C—— was taking his pompous departure, when his splendid retinue had quitted the capital, and was passing the village of San Stefano, I well remember how I saw a fanatic of a Turk, who refused the wonted sign of respect, and continued smoking his chibook in his Highness’

presence, seized and inverted, and soundly bastinadoed—yes, bastinadoed before us Greeks, Emir as he was—for the turban that was sullied in the dust was a green one! For a pleasure like this alone, I would adventure my peace to be prince or hospodar, were it but for a day!”

We may suppose all the feelings alluded to, as having their place in the bosom of the Boyar Ghika; and to avoid details which are disgusting, perhaps injurious, in contemplation, as they tend to make us familiar with moral depravity, and to sink human nature in our estimation, we may imagine all the usual intrigues, and falsehood, and bribery to have been resorted to, and successfully—for the ⁽¹²⁾ Bairam of 182—, saw him appointed to the government of Wallachia, and a few weeks after, he took his departure for Bucharest. The family of the Ghika, said to be of Wallachian origin, had

long been conspicuous in the intrigues of the Fanar, and more than one of its members had already been in possession of the short and perilous honours of the vice-regal government: the present Prince, said to be born and educated north of the Danube, was essentially a Wallachian Boyar, but marriage had connected him with the noblest Fanariote families; and his fair lady, who, though the mother of many children, could scarcely be said to be in the wane of her beauty, was truly Greek, and spirited, intellectual, and patriotic.

According to the custom of that arbitrary and suspicious tyranny, the Porte, at the departure of the Hospodar, had retained his eldest son as hostage, or as a victim at hand to sacrifice, should his father ever escape into Franguestan.⁽¹³⁾ The odious name of hostage had however long been abolished: the Hospodar's son was called the agent of his father, whose

business he was intrusted with at the Porte ; he enjoyed the protection and guarantee of the Ambassador of the Russian Emperor, and his person was *nominally* inviolable. The young Greek prince we saw, in the last chapter, step from his caïk on the Bosphorus, was Constantine Ghika.

Actions mark a character more strongly, and generally more correctly, than description can do—they may be left to speak for that of Constantine Ghika, or Costandi, as, in conformity to Greek usage, we ought rather to call him ; and here it may be enough to state, that he was the owner of a handsome face and a fine, though rather undersized and delicate person ; that he was the uncontrolled disposer of a liberal income, his father could *now* allow him—generous-hearted, impetuous, susceptible, and two-and-twenty.

His errand at the time was indeed different

from what the passing stranger had suspected Costandi was going on a visit to an aged relation—a beloved and afflicted mother of his mother, from whom a round of occupation and pleasure had estranged him for some time, though he had every evening reproached himself with the neglect, and every morning determined to erase the stain from his escutcheon in the course of the day.

The dingy and deserted-looking house on the quay, opposite which he stopped, was that lady's residence, and the silent unattended door gave access to her, who, in other times, at the court of Bucharest, was to be approached but through an avenue of splendidly-dressed attendants and obsequious friends; and who, in later days, when her husband was no longer a hospodar, had enjoyed the elegancies of rank and polished society. But the Greek revolution, or the rage

and cruelty of Sultan Mahmood, consequent on that event, had made her a widow, and childless, save in her distant daughter the Princess Ghika :—the minor evil of confiscation had not left her wherewith to support even life's decencies, and until lately, that the circumstances of her surviving child permitted her to assist her, the daughter and wife of a prince, the mother of a reigning princess, might be said to have felt the pangs of privation, if not of absolute want.

We have mentioned that Constantine caught a glance of the muffled figures as they glided into the house. “Who have we here?” thought he to himself as he crossed the quay; “what nymph is visiting my grandmamma, for the first of these figures, though mayhap not fair, is certainly young. Let us in and see—she may be both ! The Bosphorus and sun-set,

silence and yashmacks—on my word, an appropriate beginning to an amorous adventure! I am heartily tired of that minx Marionka—Madame the —— is tired of me. I just want something to make me aware of my existence, and I may light upon it here, where none but an adventurous youth like myself would hope to find it—under the brown cloak and white veil of an Armenian!” He smiled at the novel thought, and as his footstep passed the threshold, which he was not to cross again with so light a heart, he added, “Well, I am glad I have at last done my duty, and got to my dear, kind tedious grandmamma’s; and who knows but that virtue may be its own reward even in this world, or that I may not find an angel here, where I have hitherto found but wrinkles, unsavoury kisses, and good advice, more unsavoury still!”

CHAPTER III.

THE houses of the rayah subjects of the empire, distinguished by their colour, are also purposely kept mean in their exterior, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, and the risk of their occupants being thought wealthy ; but that slovenly exterior was frequently but a mask, and the inner apartments of many Armenian, and still more, of many Greek habitations, were well arranged and splendidly furnished. Such, however, was not the case with the silent

residence of Prince Ghika's aged relative. The tottering staircase led him to a hall furnished with one low divan, old, tattered, and despoiled of half of its cloth cushions, and with a solitary attendant, in as bad a plight, in person and attire, as the sofa, and probably much older. Folding-doors at the upper end of the hall opened on a saloon, the princess' parlour and drawing-room, and these being thrown open by Petracki, with an attempt at the formality and style of other days, that might have caused at once a sigh and a smile, Costandi Ghika stood in the presence of his doating relative.

“You truant—you naughty truant,” said the Princess, half joyfully, half reproachingly, “where have you been this long time? But you are come at last, and may heaven bless you!”

Constantine advanced, and dropping on his knee by the sofa's edge, respectfully took the extended hand of his grandmother, and pressed it to his forehead and to his lips—for such is the reverence paid by all classes of Greeks to their parents and aged relatives; and the traveller from more civilized countries may be edified by displays of that almost religious respect, and devotional submission, of the people of the East generally, without distinction of faith or race, to their fathers, their mothers, their elders, whenever they approach them or stand in their presence, which may recall to him fancies and pictures of the patriarchal ages, but nothing that he has seen in modern society elsewhere.

“ I crave your pardon for my past neglect, my dear, my honoured mother! Your blessing upon me—it will do me good, and I need

it!" said Costandi, still kneeling, and sincerely and exclusively feeling what he spoke; but ere he said, "I will never so offend again—I will never again be so long a truant," his quick eye had caught the glance of the younger of the two females, who sat in the saloon with the Princess—had perused her unveiled face; he no longer spoke in singleness of thought and affection, and even as his aged relative blessed him, and raised him, and kissed his forehead with endearing eagerness, his imagination flew to her youthful visitor, and it was she, and the hopes of seeing her there again, that gave fire and sincerity to his renewed protestations, that a week should never again pass on the unfulfilment of his devoirs.

The Princess was seated on a divan which ran along the semi-circular gazeboe, or projecting window of the saloon, a mode of arrange-

ment general in the East, and judicious, and called for in the country residences on the Bosphorus, the front of each of which, overlooking a narrow quay, affords a ravishing spectacle of vale and wood, mountains, and the channel's glassy plain, dotted with rapid caïks, and Turkish ships, of quaint and picturesque forms. The young lady, her visitor, sat at her right-hand; the elder female, whose face, unveiled when the Prince entered, was now muffled up in the broad white folds of the yashmack, sat on the edge of the sofa—at such a distance as denoted inferiority of condition, whilst her being on the sofa at all, was a circumstance in evidence of her being something above a common servant. She was, in fine, what in Spain would be called a duenna, and what in the East has no name at all, though the character exists, and is actively employed, by Armenians,

Jews, and Perotes, to mount guard over the virtue of young wives and unmarried daughters.

Before Constantine took his seat to the left of the Princess, he repeated the salutation he had made to the Armenian lady at his entrance, but with much more animation than then; and when he sat down, from the curve of the divan, being directly opposite to her, he gazed with such intensesness, that she blushingly raised one-half of the yashmack, or the lower portion of the visor, which concealed all of her face below her nose. The Princess observed this.

“My child—my sweet one!” said she, taking her hand, “this is my grandson—my Costandi—the child of my daughter—the pride of my house, now that *they* are gone—my joy on earth! It is not for you to feel confusion in his presence; you are above the narrow prejudices of your people, and have shown an

unveiled face before friends ere now. But Costandi," and the old lady turned to the Prince, "it is for you to show gratitude, respect, affection, to Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus, the youthful friend, the generous, the delicate, the persevering, who in the days of her direst misfortune—I blush not to tell it, and do *you* blush not to hear it—saved your mother's mother from starving!"

Our immediate sympathies and antipathies regulate our estimate of character and worth; from the person we dislike we are apt to detract the good qualities he may possess, whilst on the object of our affection, and from a modification of the same principle, we are inclined to heap quality upon quality, virtue upon virtue, to delight in the aggregate of our own forming, and in every discovery tending to prove it correct. The feeling is general, and

in opposition to those who would paint human nature worse than it is, it may be urged that the interest felt in the virtues and honours of one we love, is quite as vivacious as is the pleasure resulting to us from the exposure of the object of our dislike, or from the discovery of some defect that may cause us to dislike him still more; and further—the different processes of detraction and exaggeration, of rejoicing at an increase of deformity and delinquency, on the one hand, and of an increase of beauty and merit on the other, will be seen most frequently and most actively in the same bosom—the same connexion will be traced between them as exists between gratitude and resentment, that are to be found in their extremes in the same man,—nay, exactly to equal each other in degree, whether strong or feeble, throughout the world. In either case, it is our suscep-

tibility that measures out the sentiment; the heart most sensible to ill-treatment is also the most alive to kindness; and the extreme of resentment, like that of gratitude, denotes nothing more than excess of sensibility and vivacity of feeling: the source of both, though of such different natures and tendencies, for the evil passion may arm to revenge, and destroy our earthly peace, our eternal happiness; whilst gratitude, the attribute of angels, the only offering required of man by the Almighty, can work but good to ourselves and fellow-creatures—can tend but to improve the heart it warms.

Constantine Ghika, at least, was happy to hear the praise of one whose beauty had interested him at a glance, and to find that his gratitude should go with his admiration. He bowed to Veronica, and laid his hand to his

heart—a gesture as sincere as it was graceful—while he spoke.

“ Though this is the first time I have an opportunity of expressing to her my grateful sense of all that she has done for my poor and beloved mother here ; it is not the first time, by many, that I have heard the tale of her munificence—her active exertions, not to be restrained by the jealousies of caste, or the antipathies of religious sects—which, alas ! and shame for us, Christians, who are all equally oppressed by our masters the Turks, never cease to trouble our tranquillity, and to urge us most uncharitably against each other. I have heard how, when the sultan’s sabre had passed over her house—when a widow and childless, and deserted by all—for even her friends feared communication with her, lest they should awaken the Turks’ suspicions—when despoiled, destitute, sick—sick almost to

death, I have heard how then, the youthful, the tender, yet the bold friend, came to her aid, supplied her wants, and cheered her lonely hours and desolate heart; and with all this familiar to me, I have long invoked Heaven's blessing for Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus!"

At the beginning of this address she to whom he spoke, reverted her head in modesty; but as he continued, his warmth, the beauty of the tones of his voice, which went to her young heart, never before so touched, caused her unwittingly to turn her face towards him, and to look steadfastly on his very handsome, animated countenance, and graceful person. Only the upper part of her face was visible; but her long, black, languorous Oriental eyes were caught by his, and rivetted to them, by something more powerful than fascination.

As he continued, and the glow of his lan-

guage was reflected by the glow of his face, her hand, which had drawn the lower fold of the yashmack, dropped by her side, the envious disguise fell unsupported, and the whole of Veronica's features were disclosed to the admiring, and by this time impassioned gaze of the Prince. A gentle quivering of the lips corresponded to the beaming agitation of the eyes; but she did not speak until Constantine had ceased for more than a minute, when she said, in a subdued, trembling tone, but one that bespoke intensity of delight, "You have invoked heaven's blessing on my name!"

The silence that ensued may be employed on the portrait of the person of her who last spoke; and the moment is appropriate, as it was only when animated by deep feeling, or placed in peculiarity of circumstances, that she could pretend to such great charms.⁽¹⁾

The figure of Veronica was cast in one of nature's finest moulds ; but its smallness, its extreme delicacy, gave an idea of fragileness, that was at times really painful, and could all but induce one to wish to enclose it in a glass case or sheltered shrine, lest the roughness of the elements should annihilate it. Those exquisite forms were now concealed by the barbarous wrapper or cloak, which she had not laid aside, but the face that the Prince was perusing was disclosed, and by a most favourable light—the rosy hues of evening striking on it obliquely, as she sat on the divan, with her back turned towards the North. The warm glow on her face belonged to the time and tide, or was partially produced by her unusual excitement ; for in general Veronica was remarkable for a degree of paleness that seemed unearthly ; and even now, that reflex of the sun was delicate

and faint, as the rose-hues of fading evening on the loftiest of the eternally snow-covered Alps; as a veil of gauze light as gossamer, and tinted with red, cast over a marble statue—and you could see it die away like the hues on the mountain, or withdrawn like the veil from the marble, and that face slowly wax paler and paler, as the shades of evening approached on sun-set—so glorious, yet so brief, in the climes of the South and the East. The pleasing, indescribable sensations of excitement, still however continued, and sent at intervals a faint blood-flush across her cheeks and forehead, soft and evanescent, which showed her face more pallid still ; when it disappeared, in the degree that the lightning-flash increases the gloom of the midnight sky it traverses.

In the countries of which she was a native, and where Oriental customs and jealousies have

been introduced, it is by no means rare to find examples of that pale fair complexion; for confinement to the house, the covering of the white yashmack or veil, which from the time they pass the age of children they never quit when abroad, and the frequent use of the vapour-bath, would tend to produce it in the Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish females, whose costume and modes of life very nearly resemble each other; but what was somewhat rarer—what indeed was perhaps seldom found in these “Eastern climes,” except among the highest of the Turkish ladies, the prides of the harems of the great—in the imported exotics of Circassia or Georgia, or in their immediate progeny, was a *thinness* and transparency of skin which distinguished Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus. How she came by it, Armenian as she was, heaven knows; for of all the people in the East,

even without an exception in favour of the children of Israel, her caste, though it abounds in otherwise beautiful women, have certainly the thickest and coarsest of skins.

Hers was clear and delicate, and through it the little blue veins (the exquisite tracery of an immortal hand) showed themselves like the scattered threads of mountain streams beneath their chrystal covering of thin ice. Contrasting with this pallidity and transparency, was the jet black, intense hue of her eyes and eyebrows, and of some straggling locks of hair that had escaped the bondage of her yashmack, and fringed here and there her oval face. The kol, or the surmê, had been employed with effect; the eyes were brilliant and dazzling, while they were languid and caressing, and so long and thick were the lashes on the ample upper-lid, that when downcast, they in reality

formed a veil, and nearly hid the whole of the orb; yet the eyes were not faultless, unexceptionable as they were in colour and size—they did not approach the forms of the Greeks,—the living, or the works of their ancestors,—they were too long, and too full and convex, like Armenian eyes in general. The eyebrows were better—loftier than those even of Andalusian maids; they were arched in the very line of grace: like those of the Greeks, they approached very near, but did not unite over the nose, as do the eyebrows of Turkish beauties—a defect whose absence, however, was not owing to her, but to the obstinacy of nature, for the Armenians dress their faces after the Turks, and Veronica had laboured with kol and tweezers, and used every proper application to make her two eyebrows one.⁽²⁾ Her nose was thin and finely formed, though slightly acqueline; the

mouth, that seat of expression, all but equal to the soul-telling eye, was small ; and lips, perhaps, too slightly tinged with the colour of the rose, certainly somewhat too exuberant, disclosed in their opening, teeth perfect in whiteness, size, and regularity. The chin was delicately turned ; the whole contour of the head was good, and supported by a long, lithe, swan-like neck, graceful whether in motion or repose. In short, though the eye of criticism might find many faults, the heart of feeling could scarcely escape being impressed by the delicate and truly feminine appearance of Veronica ; and the interest was increased by that aspect of fragileness which has been alluded to, and by an air of extreme youthfulness—almost of childishness, which her countenance generally bore. That expression, however, would have been an incorrect index to the character of her mind,

which was full of passion, will, and resoluteness, and was furnished with the springs and resources of ready wit and enterprize, to do and to dare, for the object of her affections, and with firmness to die in the cause of him to whom she should give her heart's love. The temper of her mind, indeed, was as different from that of the cold, prudent, heavy, passionless race she belonged to, as was the texture of her outward skin to theirs; as yet it had scarcely been developed, except in occasional bursts of feeling at what she considered base in others, or in the exercise of generosity and charity in favour of the friendless and afflicted but now the moment was approaching—perhaps was already come, when all its energies should be brought into activity.

The silence that followed the few happy words addressed by Veronica to the Prince,

was not interrupted by him—for, to gaze on those unveiled features was occupation enough—but by the old Armenian woman, who had been looking through the gazeboe on the boats that were passing on the Bosphorus.

“As I am a sinner,” cried she, suddenly, and in a tone of alarm, “here’s your uncle Yussuf returning in his caïk—he will get home before us—we shall never get out again! and—my lady! shame on you!—a man is seeing all your face!”

From the depth of the blush that overspread Veronica at these words of her attendant or guard, one might have fancied that the whole blood of her delicate small form had rushed to her face and neck. It must not, however, be supposed, that the admiring gaze of Constantine, which, though not *all* unblushingly she had sustained for several minutes, nor the idea of

her caste, (which she despised,) that a woman lost a portion of her virtue by showing her features to a man, who was neither her father, her husband, nor her brother, that caused all that blush;—no! she was angry and ashamed at the disclosure of coarse Armenian prejudice, and of her own subjection to it. She blushed to have it shown that she was where she then was (and whither, at least, she had gone with intentions that might have been owned by an angel) by stealth, and that at the appearance of a boorish relative she must flee as if from a deed of shame. The blush, too, might have been further deepened by a conviction already felt, of the interest—the delight she took in the company of Constantine Ghika.

The Princess could not but notice her confusion.

“Veronica, my child—my love,” said she,

and tears of tenderness and offended pride came to her eyes, “ I see how it is—they have forbidden you to enter my desolate, dishonoured house ; they fear that one of their blood should be known to have communication with lost, persecuted, hated Greeks like us ; they fear the Turks—they fear their priests, for what are we but schismatics—heretics ! I see it all ! I was not aware of it before ! Go, flee, Veronica ! Heaven bless you ! but here—come no more !”

“ Listen, Dominizza,” said Veronica, decidedly, while her blood seemed to race and bound in her blue veins, from the effort she made to recover or assume her composure ; “ if the unreflected words of a menial have disclosed to you that I am here against the will of my relatives, a voice in my own heart tells me that the feelings which led me here—which have at-

tracted me to you so many times, are grateful to that all merciful Being whom we equally adore, though the forms of our worship may differ. Those feelings will most assuredly lead me here again, as long as I know you are left to solitude and suffering, as you have been," (here Constantine blushed as he thought of his own neglect,) "and you will not shut your door against your Veronica, who feared not to enter it when misfortune—death stood on its threshold!"

"My too generous friend," replied the Princess, while the tears fell faster down her cheeks; "I am sensible of the purity of your feelings, and heaven will reward them; but if your coming here be in opposition to the will of your family, can I encourage it?"

"Most honoured lady," continued Veronica, "I am sometimes perhaps not sufficiently sensi-

ble of my bounden obedience—of my subserviency to the uncharitable constructions of the unamiable caprices of my caste and kindred—I am the less so, as I have no mother to give sanctity to advice and command. Oh ! if I had a mother, would she not feel with me, would she not pride in a daughter who could exercise that charity recommended as the first of our duties, but which others think they fulfil when they passively assent to the words of an homily ! My father, busied incessantly in the pursuit of wealth, which, when his, he dare not enjoy, I rarely see, except in the evening of some holiday, when I light his pipe and present his coffee, and he gives me a handful of coin, which, in his eyes, the sole worldly good, supplies the place of affectionate caress or parental advice. The duty to a father can scarcely extend to an uncle, and my uncle is busier still,

and engaged in a more perilous career : as head of the Turkish mint, his life is every day in jeopardy, and in the moments when the dreams of his ambition lag, when the spirit of accumulating fails its excitement, and his dreaming eyes glitter not at the prospect of piles of sequins heaped upon piles, the forms of his predecessors in office—the murdered Dooz-Oglus, hanged to their own lintel—there, in that country-house over the Bosphorus, fix them glaring in their sockets. These are all his soul's thoughts—gold and the rope!—and all the instruction or orders I ever received from him, were to fear God and the priest of Pera, and to take care of my purse! The rest of my advisers, the rest of those who can pretend to an authority over me, are aunts and cousins; and I may hope for pardon, if my subjection to them does not induce me to adopt beliefs and prejudices that

my intellect and heart alike reject. Why, my aunt Serpui, and my aunt Marter, would fancy they perilled their salvation by converse with a Greek—of another church than their's! To bigotry like this, I cannot assent; nor can you, my Princess, require me so to do!"

The enthusiastic girl was silent, and catching the eye of Constantine, that had been rivetted on her while she spoke, she blushed at the intensity of his gaze, and at the heat and length at which she had spoken; and then kissing the hand of the Princess, who pressed her to her bosom and kissed her forehead, Veronica drew the yashmack over her agitated face, collected the loose folds of her garment with her left hand, and having made a sign with her right to the old serving-woman, or duenna, to lead the way, (a gesture whose firmness and dignity contrasted most singularly with her slight aerial

figure, and with the almost childish face she had just covered, and of which only the two black eyes, through loop-holes in the white linen veil, were now visible,) she laid it across her breast, and bending reverentially to the Princess, and somewhat less lowly to the young Prince, she left the room, saying, in a tone that thrilled the heart of the latter, "I shall soon be here again; and certain family matters will shortly so engross my tender aunts and cousins, that I shall have much of my time at my disposal."

It will not be attempted to depict in Veronica, a character at all of heroine-like perfection, or one who might be a model to regulate the thoughts and conduct of others; but merely to describe her as she was, with her virtues and her faults—premising that the nature of female education in the East, and

of Armenian coarseness and restriction must be occasionally remembered, to excuse what, to the maidens of civilized Europe, would seem deficient in decorum—unpardonable.

Until that evening, the secluded fair one had never been the object of tender attention, had seldom been five minutes in the company of a young person of another sex than her own: by the Armenians, the only visitants at her home, she had been considered, as women are by that heavy race, a comely sort of vehicle for pipes and coffee, but one with whom it was neither expedient nor desirous to hold converse, unless it were determined, signed, and sealed, that she were to be the mother of their children—their obsequious wife! Veronica,—alas! how opposed to the gentle practices of Europe, where the glance of maid, wife, or widow, is potent to engage every male hand in the party

to her service ; and where the wants, the wishes of a beauty, are read in her eyes almost ere they are formed, and instantly operate on the young and the gallant of the other sex with the promptness of electricity—Veronica had been accustomed to wait behind her father's or her uncle's guests, and the brutes would sit, even though the warm current of youth ran in their veins, whilst at the end of the repast her delicate hands conveyed them the embroidered napkin, and poured the cool rose-water into their palms, —and if she presented the amber-mouthed chibouk, and the fragrant coffee-cup in its filigreed case with readiness, they would, as an effusion of their *keff*, or joviality, bestow some such praise on the young lady, as might be given to a *cafidji* in a place of public entertainment, or to a sure-footed horse who had carried them quickly and well over a certain distance

of ground. Women are conscious by intuition of their rights—the manners of the boors of her own race were not calculated to engage affection, but they served to make Veronica sensible, by the force of contrast, to the charms, the attentions, and amenities, the Greeks, in imitation of polished nations, practise towards ladies—particularly when the ladies are young and handsome.

The interview had been so short, and so much occupied with a discussion of a melancholy and painful nature, that Constantine had little opportunity to exercise the gallantry in which he was accomplished; but his mode of noticing her was so different from what she had been used to in men, the tones of his voice when addressing her were so peculiar and penetrating—and how he hung upon her eye, her lip, when she spoke!

It would be long to trace the inward and mysterious process in the fair Armenian's mind, which ended in the serious result of love—a love as rapidly conceived as it was destined to be lasting. The analysis would produce many trifling causes: “How handsome he is!” (but beauty was never yet sincerely held of trifling estimation by maid or youth,) “how graceful his person! how rich his dress!—his boots and slippers are like a Pasha’s—the shawl round his waist is an exquisite cachemere—and, wonderful! he has sat a quarter of an hour in women’s company, and never once called for a pipe!”⁽³⁾

Thoughts like these rushed through the mind of Veronica, as she gazed on the Prince for the last time, and they determined her (we may blush to tell the truth) to see him again, were the interview to be accomplished by artifice, or to expose her to shame and

punishment. The virtuous, the generous intentions, which had hitherto led her to the princess, and might have paved her way to heaven, were never again to be her exclusive conductors thither.

The prince, who was scarcely less affected than herself, and who was deterred, moreover, by the well-known scrupulosities of the Armenians, spite of her last glance at him, which might have betrayed her heart's secret, stood by the edge of the sofa when he had risen to return her parting salute, until Veronica had disappeared through the farther door of the hall, into which the saloon opened. But then, and in a very few steps, he cleared the two apartments, and descended the stairs, on which the domestic was slowly tottering, and passing the lady and her suivante, advanced to open the front door for them. "No, prince,

not that way," said Veronica, with a tremulous voice; "I should not like to meet my uncle face to face on the quay—or, he may be already at home—we can enter by the garden unperceived, and from this back door we can reach the garden."

Constantine stepped back and reached the opposite door, as the hand of Veronica was laid on the latch—he put forth his to open it—he covered her delicate hand with his: she did not withdraw it; but when the door opened and he still retained it, and after thanking her again for her kindness to his aged relative, he pressed it within his and raised it to his heart, his lips; the blush that mantled on her cheek was betrayed in her visible eyes, and was almost seen through the thick linen yashmack. She would have spoken, but her heart was too full of sensations, as novel to her as they were powerful; she could only bend to

the prince, and cast on him a full, deep, penetrating glance, and thus she left him, unconscious of all else in the world, or of the earth she trod on.

Constantine remained at the door until he saw the fair Armenian and her somewhat relax duenna reach the little wicket gate of a garden, at the back of a house not more than a hundred yards distant. The suivante thence advanced alone through the garden to the habitation, and having reconnoitred, she gave a sign and a gentle "hist—hist!" to Veronica, who bounded across the path like a fawn, and disappeared within the house.

The mind unaccustomed to concealment or deceit will revolt at the least appearance of either; but in the jealous and restrictive East, in Turkey, where the commonest affair of life is carried on as an intrigue, that generous

sensitiveness is blunted: the conduct of Veronica, which might have given rise to unfavourable opinions in another, to Constantine the Greek, to Constantine the Fanariote, who had been accustomed to secrecy and intrigue all his life, seemed only clever and interesting, and perfectly justifiable; and the fair Armenian herself, who had never been treated with confidence, felt no remorse, as she broke no trust, but merely evaded the clumsy controul and restrictions of her kinsfolk. Her conduct was even calculated, and systematic; and she had long decided that those who employ lock and bar, must look to lock and bar for their security, and have no right to pretend to a sentiment of obedience (proof to all motive and to every temptation) in the breasts of their captives. Hitherto she certainly had never set at nought the domestic, Armenian authority, for

other than the most unexceptionable purposes ; but now that an incipient passion was planted in her young heart, it was readily to be conceived, how much her disregard of that authority would be increased, and how, when she should be detected and violently constrained in her person and actions, an incessant combat should be instituted, as, in fact, there soon was, in which her artifice and adroitness would be opposed to the obstinacy and violence of her relations.

Constantine stood at the door he had opened, which afforded a pleasant view of a hanging wood that descended the hill's side, a few paces behind the princess's residence. The hues and brightness of the brief twilight, had given way to the deepening shades of night ; a nightingale, awaked into song by the congenial gloom, was pouring forth her melancholy strain,

to which the murmur of the wind among the trees formed a subdued accompaniment; a bright star—Hesperus the lovely and the solitary—stood still in the blue face of heaven, over the brow of the wooded hill, as an exquisite eye arrested in its course of conquest by some object of irresistible charms, and the topmost trees were agitated like bosoms, conscious of the presence of immortal beauty.

Constantine, after lingering for awhile, took an affectionate farewell of his grandmother, and heard the old lady renew her praises of Veronica—an object that was already dearer to him than he would have believed. In the warmth of her gratitude, she expressed her regret that the Tinghir-Oglu was not a Greek. Could she boast of Hellenic blood, who so fit as she to be the pride of her house's prop, her Constantine? But Veronica was an Armenian,

and in spite of her worth and beauty, the princess never conceived, for a moment, that her daughter's son could fall in love with one of her inferior caste.

“ True, 'tis too true, she is a pretty girl, but she is an Armenian after all,” reflected Constantine, as wrapped in his cloak, and seated at the stern of his boat, he descended the moon-lit Bosphorus, passing with sinful indifference or unconsciousness, the loveliest nooks, the most happy combination of nature and art, of minaret and cypress, of mosque and hanging wood, of villa-covered quay, and *now* solitary channel. “ Yes! she belongs to the race of Asinine ears, thick skins, and ponderous hands and feet !⁽⁴⁾ She does not, however, betray her breed ; her skin is certainly as fine as that pure specimen of Greek blood I have been worshipping these three months ; her hand lay in mine,

small and soft, like an unfledged bird within its nest ; her feet—a curse upon mestlers⁽⁵⁾—have not been seen ; however, we shall see them, and her ears too, if she have no more affection for the yashmack than she has shown this evening. I wonder whether they are as long as the ears of my neighbour—the somewhat fair and fat Pūpūl,⁽⁶⁾ that look like mushrooms undressed ; but be they as long as those of the holy mule that carries to Mecca⁽⁷⁾ the annual offerings of the padishah, Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus is a beautiful girl, and I am determined to see her again !”

CHAPTER IV.

ACCORDING to those philosophers who would reduce to a branch of statistics man's virtues and their different degrees, making them absolutely dependant on the warmth or the cold, the dryness or the moisture, the elevation or the depression, of the regions wherein he is fixed—the ancient Armenia was a country that ought to produce a hardy and free race of beings; and, without attempting to account for the fact in the spirit of system, without

assigning to one cause, what may be the result of many causes united, history has recorded that the ancient Armenians were robust, spirited, and courageous; and, in spite of their powerful neighbours, and their own varying submission, attached to their national independence, and jealous of the authority of all, save their legitimate kings.⁽¹⁾

It was an evil hour that saw the Armenians espouse the cause of Mithridates, and brave all-conquering Rome: but till that fatal moment, though nominally subjected, and following the fates of the great Eastern empires that succeeded each other, the country had enjoyed a degree of freedom, under the supremacy of the Medes, Assyrians and Persians; or of Alexander the Great, and his successors the Seleucidæ.⁽²⁾

When the Roman eagle, from being re-

stricted in its range of flight, was driven back upon the Seven Hills, and forced to tremble and fold its wings in its original eyry, before the vultures of the North, the provinces and conquests of her who had styled herself the earth's mistress, and presumed her reign to be eternal, were left to themselves, weakened and demoralized by the long habit of servitude, and of looking to the imperial legions for their defence against the barbarians.

In the general disseverance, some few states started anew, and at once, in the career of independence; but the greater number received a copious fusion of the barbarians, their necessary allies, or their conquerors, ere they remodelled themselves into nations.

It would not be easy to trace the extent, or the quality of the accession to the original Armenian stock; but in the course of a few cen-

turies, we hear again of the kings of Armenia, and of their power and military enterprize.

During the reign of Constantine, or towards the middle of the fourth century, the Armenians embraced the Christian religion; and the strength of their character was soon displayed, by the fervour of their devotion.⁽³⁾ Soon they fell into schism, and one, who holds not the scales, nor attempts to decide on the conflicting opinions that too soon distracted a church, whose very foundation-stone was peace and mutual forbearance, will scarcely withhold his admiration, from the firmness with which the Armenians retained the opinions they had adopted; though he may regret, that a blind, unyielding reverence to dogma, should betray them into contempt of human suffering and human life—in their own persons, or in those of their antagonists; for, on extended observa-

tion, it will hold but too true, that the spirit of fanaticism, which shall suffice to make men encounter death, for unintelligible, speculative notions, will, under a different modification of circumstances, justify them in their own eyes, in inflicting that death on others, their antagonists; and sanctify the employment of the sword or the stake.

Adopting the tenets, or the heresies of Eutyches, the Armenians formed themselves into a separate community of Christians; and they would be a people attractive of some curiosity and interest, were it but from the fact of their being, as they are to this day, one of the churches of the East—one of the great divisions of the Christian family, that, retaining their faith, in the regions of Asia, where it sprung, to improve and bless the world, have adhered to it, through twelve long centuries of

Mahometan persecution. In the middle ages, so dark for Europe, a glimmering of light rested upon Armenia; and literary works of that period still exist, to speak to its comparative learning and civilization.⁽⁴⁾

The fanaticism of a novel faith, or the ambition and rapacity of new conquerors—for the proselytes of the Arabian prophet were, at least, as anxious for exclusive power and possession in this world, as for exclusive bliss in the next,—soon annihilated the political existence of the Christian states in Asia; and that their religion did not fall with it, must, as we have intimated, remain matter of admiration.

A part of the dominions of the two Armenias, which, in their most extended sense, had comprised the vast regions between Medea, Iberia, and Mesopotamia, for the Major; and between Cappadocia, Cilicia, the Euphrates, and Syria,

for the Minor, fell to the Turks ; and a part was included within the modern Persian empire.

The condition of the people varied according to the caprices of their masters ; and sometimes flocks of Armenians, for refuge from the tyranny of the Turkish pashas, fled to the shadow of the Persian Shah ; whilst at others, the cases of persecution and protection were reversed, and they sought in the dominions subjected to the Osmanlis, that peace they could not find among the Persians. For the last two centuries, the indifference, the indolence, the apathy of the Turks, have caused the current to run pretty steadily in one way ; and, during that period, the impolitical activity and persecution of the Persians, have many times swelled the tide of emigration ; and, to its own detriment, furnished the Ottoman empire with industrious, valuable rayah subjects, who were but too well disposed

to the change of masters, by the knowledge, that from the dreaming, stupid Osmanlis, much more was to be gained by way of commerce, to which they have exclusively turned their attention, than from the wide-awake, the crafty Kuzilbashes.⁽⁵⁾

The regions of peculiar sanctity, the spots which had witnessed the early formation of the church, or had been the scene of Scripture's earliest events, (at least, according to the Armenians)—the holy peaks of Mount Ararat, on which the ark of Noah was deposited by the subsiding flood, that had lashed its waves round the punished globe; the monastic establishments, the vastest, the most ancient, and most revered,—all remained within the limits of the Persian empire;⁽⁶⁾ in Armenia Major, too, masses or communities of the Eutychean Christians continued untouched, and free, almost, from the admixture of the

Mahometans, and that portion of the ancient Armenian kingdom, which had been distinguished by the superior nationality of its inhabitants, still retained a hardy population—the semblance of a separate, though conquered state.

It is true, migrations were known from parts of those upper regions, but they took a very different course; they set towards the realms of a Christian sovereign.⁽⁷⁾ Those who departed, corresponded with their brethren who remained behind; and though it may have escaped observation, or in the diversity and more immediate interest of the world's affairs have been held as unimportant, it is still certain, that for many years the occupation of parts of Armenia was prepared for Russia by the Armenians.⁽⁸⁾

But the objects of present consideration are rather the inhabitants of Minor Armenia; and an inferior people, who from Persia and the Turkish provinces contiguous to the Euphrates,

have overrun nearly the whole of the Ottoman empire.

The current, it has been said, has run, for the two past centuries, pretty regularly from Persia to the dominions of the Porte; and its channel has been deepened, and its tide strengthened, as the following circumstances will sufficiently explain.

A certain number of missionaries, the active and talented members of the *Propaganda fidei* of Rome, who found it easier and safer to enter into discussion with schismatic Christians, than with wholly unbelieving, and hot-headed Mahometans, whilst the merit of converting is equal in both cases, in the eyes of their church—succeeded in their zealous efforts, and induced a few Armenians to embrace the Roman creed and ritual.

The story of the Neophytes, of this infant sect, was the usual one. They were pitied or despised, as long as they remained weak and

humble; but malice rose with the accession to their strength, and ended in persecution and deadly hate.

The operations of the Armenians were singular, owing to their dependent situation; they could not erect a "holy office" of their own, to judge and to punish on matters of faith; but Christians as they were, they applied to the followers of Ali, the men of a hostile faith, who detested all the forms of their religion alike, to deal with the seceders.

The Persians did not imitate the good sense or indifference of the Turks, who let the Nazarenes quarrel on as they like, and treat them but as different breeds of swine in one sty— they were seduced by their wonted busy, intermeddling spirit, and by those springs, without which nothing is set in motion in the East—purses of gold—to an interference in the modes of faith of

their Armenian subjects. The princes and khans, who rubbed their foreheads on the threshold of the Shah's porte, found a satisfactory source of revenue in the persecuting Eutycheans, who were ever ready to buy them over ; and what mattered it to enlightened patriots like them, that the country was impoverished and seriously injured by the frequent emigration or flight of the Catholic Armenians ?

But where favour is to be bought, the higher price will secure it, and intrigue and caprice are not to be depended upon—no where less so, than among the fickle Persians. The Catholics, who had increased under persecution, at length boldly ventured on the market ; and their money, and in some instances the talent and the *money too*, of the church of Rome, were employed on the Mahometans against the rival sect. Innumerable were the combats and various the successes ; at

times the object of attack and defence was a mud-walled church, or a khan of a monastery, for the Catholics soon erected such places; at other times, it would be the seizure of a back-sliding brother or sister, or a right of precedence, or some other of the numerous apples of discord that are thrown between contending churches—gross and paltry objects, it might seem, to the advocates of eternal salvation. Under one Shah, or under the influence of a particular favourite of the day, it would happen that the Eutycheans would procure a sentence, condemning the Roman church to be levelled with the ground, the monastery to be converted into a stable, and the priests and monks to be imprisoned and bastinadoed.

There is one case on record, where they were even so successful as to induce the court to condemn the Catholic bishop to be burned

alive; and it is almost surprising, that their fanaticism should not have made them insensible, we will not say to humanity, for that is not supposed to have directed them, but to fears for their own skin, and to the reflection, (which saved the bishop,) that among the capricious changes of their masters' humours, it might happen, on some other day, that the Catholics should succeed, and the Eutycheans be sentenced to the grill.

The holy, the pure faith, which each sect pretended exclusively to practise and teach in its perfection, orders that ill shall not be done, in the hopes that good may ensue from the practise; but Eutychean and Roman shut their ears to the immortal precept, while, to their passion-blinded eyes, every means seemed justifiable that led to the end. The vices and abominations of the interior of an eastern despot's court, were

called into action in the cause of the Christian religion; and letters are extant, written by a member of the Roman church, in which he congratulates a devout friend, on the turn affairs have taken at the court of Persia, in favour of the Catholics; which success he blushes not to attribute, next to the influence of the Holy Spirit, to their intrigues with a eunuch and a concubine, the two imperial favourites of the day.

We have said, the success of the rival churches varied; but as the Eutycheans or Armenians of the ancient Armenian faith, continued infinitely more numerous and more wealthy, it could not but be, that on the whole they would have the advantage over their Catholic countrymen. Frequent persecutions were raised against the latter; and one of superior magnitude in the early part of the eighteenth century, drove a number of Ca-

tholic families from the country, the greater part of whom found a peaceable asylum in Turkey; and only an enterprising few broke through their prejudice in favour of the East, and of eastern customs; and, crossing the Mediterranean, found refuge and protection at the extremity of the Venetian gulf.⁽⁹⁾

The religious feuds which had divided them in their own country, or in the Persian dominions, could not be effected by a change of soil and air; they went with them into Turkey; and if they were not more frequently displayed in action and violence, it was rather owing to the contemptuous indifference of the Turks, than to any improvement of moderation in themselves.

Eruptions of zeal or fanaticism, however, there were on both sides; and the Eutycheans, continuing to be in the Ottoman States as they

had been in the Persian, incomparably more numerous than the Romans, and more wealthy, and every way more influential, they seem to have had, almost without an exception, the victory on their side. Nor did the Eutycheans always use that victory with moderation, and stop short of human blood; for about a century back the Turks, urged by them, put to death, for the faith's sake, a certain strenuous Catholic. His name was Comedas, or Comydas: he was beheaded, and the church of Rome awarded the crown of martyrdom to the man who had the constancy to lay down his life for her tenets, on the walls of Constantinople.

These dogmatic dissensions, which rendered the Armenians insensible to the charities and the humanity of our nature, which made them unmindful of the facts that they were brethren—descendants from the same ancient stock—

Christians agreeing upon the same material point of faith, cast among fanatic Moslems, who detested them all, and all their doctrines alike, continued with unabating fury for many years.

At last, the weaker or the Catholic party, made their sufferings and their full condition known at the Vatican; and the Pope of the period, with a very proper knowledge of cause and effect, and of the character of a coarse, worldly-minded hierarchy, decreed that the Armenian Catholics should be permitted to receive the sacraments of baptism, marriage, &c. from the rival Armenians, and to pay the priests of the schismatic church for the same, precisely in the same proportion as they would their own sacerdotal body.⁽¹⁰⁾ The rubiehs and the piastres, and the mahmoodiers, though they bore the infidel impress of the Turks, were

more potent in the production of tranquillity between the sects, than the inspirations of humanity, of patriotism,—of the blessed word itself. The bearded priests of the Eastern church received their fees, and ceased from troubling the beardless priests of the Western church; and if there were always latent causes of dispute and ill will,—and the spread and rise of the Catholic body afterwards renewed hostilities more violently than ever,—still, for awhile, the Armenians at Constantinople, at Smyrna, and the other great cities of Turkey, ceased to persecute and intrigue against one another, and to give to the world the scandalous spectacle of their unchristianly, religious dissensions.

As ghiaours, the Armenians were precluded from the profession of arms, for none but the children of the prophet may well wield the sabre in Mahometan armies;⁽¹¹⁾ and the same

privileged class exercise the calling of law, which indeed, from the Koran, is but a portion of their religion.

In barbarous and arbitrary governments, where the property it engages and produces is so much exposed, agriculture will never be resorted to from choice; by a weak and rayah population particularly. As lately has been said of the Jews of Turkey and Barbary, that never one of them is seen engaged in the labours of the field, so, with perhaps slight exceptions, the same may be advanced of the Armenians, who flock to the great cities of Asia Minor, and to the capital—Stambool. Like the Jews too, and indeed like all the races of the Levant, except the Greeks, the Armenians are averse to a seafaring life, and are not found as sailors.

The healing, or as it might more appositely be called, the *killing* art, in the East, whenever

held as a profession, and separated from the craft of santons and conjurors, is monopolized by audacious Franks; the doctors of the Italian peninsula chiefly, who never had a diploma from an Italian university; by cast-off cooks or valets,⁽¹²⁾ or the descendants of the same, educated in Smyrna or the capital, heirs to the science which was intuition in their fathers: or it is practised by a set of Jews, who prowl about the streets of Constantinople, like the wicked master for whom Anastasius was treated with a sight of the interior of the bagnio: or they open a little shop, or erect a little stall in some great thoroughfare, or opposite to a favourite coffee-house, which *they* (and the mountebanks, but no decent European practitioner, as a traveller has incorrectly stated) frequent, on the look-out for customers.

The more mechanical and material depart-

ment of the *ars medicandi*, fell however partially to the Armenians, who are possessed of a certain mechanical dexterity; and the Armenians are celebrated as bone-setters, and generally employed as such, all over Turkey. The same dexterity recommended them to the exercise of several other mechanical professions, such as those of jewellers, enamellers, weavers, carpenters, and smiths; and among the Turks, who now do nothing at all, but drill pipe-sticks and make earthen pipe-bowls, and who never seem to have done anything mechanical, beyond the manufacture of arms, saddles, and carpets, they were sure of finding employment.

The very lowest of the Armenian race, unpulsed by filth and contempt, employed themselves to perform the duty which cloaca, or common sewers, do elsewhere; and their odious and unsavoury name of *boktandji*, is applied by the

Turks, in their choler, to the Armenian caste generally:

But it was in the congenial pursuits of commerce, that the Armenians from the beginning, looked for employment and advancement.

Sober, patient, cautious, laborious, and even enterprizing, they were indeed admirably suited for the details of trade, and to be the merchants of the strangely modified East. They not only established houses in the capital and at Smyrna, and the other great *scales* or ports of the Levant, which are the issues for the rich produce of Turkey, and the stores for the manufactures of industrious Europe, and the *now* indispensable luxuries which the enterprise of Europe draws from its colonies; but they settled at Brusa in Bithynia, at Kutaya, and Angorá, and other places in the interior of Asia Minor, or in Syria; and their colonies

along the shores of the Euxine were more numerous than the Ligurian establishments, and but for the stupidity of the Turks, their general oppressors, the Armenians, mixed with the Greeks, might have become almost as useful and as prosperous as once were the trading colonies of the Genoese Republic, or the earlier settlements of the Greeks in the same sea.

Endowed with great bodily strength, and a sort of passive courage, the Armenian traders were accustomed to take journeys through remote and dangerous countries; they traversed the now deserted regions of Asia Minor, where during summer, fever lurks in every vale and hollow; they braved the Syrian heats, and, at times, the simooms and the drought of the Arabian desert. In the happily constituted states of society, in the well governed countries through which their road generally lay, the

rapine of professional robbers, and of robbers more insatiable than they—the pashas and men in power—the dysentery, the plague, not to enumerate minor evils, were of familiar occurrence.⁽¹³⁾ Yet, the greater the risk, the greater the gain, in case of success; and the spirit of the Armenians was not broken by repeated misfortune and wrong.

And, after all, who paid the price of disorder and injustice? Why the Turks, and not they! for the injury inflicted by the plundering rapacity of a sheik, an aghà, a pasha, or a freebooter, was made up by an increase of price on the articles that remained, or might follow by another caravan; and the Turkish buyers grumbled, and paid their enterprising purveyors. The Armenians were, indeed, by land what the Greeks were by sea; but for these two classes of rayahs, the commerce of the Ottoman dominions,

confined as it has been, would have been infinitely more despicable ; whilst, on the other hand, had they been protected in their persons and property as they ought to have been, their commercial spirit—the steadiness and perseverance of the one class, the energy and intelligence of the other—might have renovated a sinking empire.

Tribes of these Armenian traders there were, and are still, though the number be diminished, constantly on the road, patient as the camels they bestride, passive and enduring as their own bales of merchandize ; and the picture of Maallim Moorsa,⁽¹⁴⁾ is no caricature, but a most correct portrait of one of those sons of trade.

Even commercial pursuits, in their development, are susceptible of grandeur ; and those of the children of the East, at times approached the romantic, the poetic ; for in their course

they would frequently leave the ancient Euphrates far behind them ; would consider Bagdad—the fallen Bagdad, once the home of Oriental gorgeousness and revelry,—but as a starting post for their extended career ; would traverse regions whose very names carry with them impressions imaginative and fable-like ; and return to Stamboul and Europe, or the western shores of the Asiatic peninsula, with the stores of “ Ind and Catai.” ⁽¹⁵⁾

The Jews also abound in Turkey ; for the intolerance and persecution of various states have strengthened the rayah population of that singular country. The children of Israel had avowedly no pursuit but that of trade ; they were, however, more sedentary than the Armenians —perhaps more timid. The inferior classes exercised their skill as trucksters and brokers ; and the superior, acquiring wealth,

became the seraffs or bankers of the Porte, the pashas, and Turkish grandees in general.

In well constituted governments, where honesty will always be more profitable than dishonesty, it will never be found that a whole class or race is thievish; and if the Jews in Turkey were notoriously so, the blame attached to the Turks. The pashas and men in office thought they might improve by the change, and began to substitute Armenian seraffs for Jewish.

In a few years, the Israelites had almost disappeared as bankers; the Armenians advanced in wealth and consideration, but certainly not in happiness and tranquillity; and the latter was fatally compromised, when, not many years ago, they accepted the offices of seraffs to the Porte, and directors of the Mint. The honour, in their eyes, attached to these high functions, the hopes of rapidly making gigantic fortunes, seduced

the Armenians into intrigue and manœuvre, similar in nature to those resorted to by the Greeks of the Fanar, for the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. The ambitious career of both, was alike subversive of the feelings of nature and of honour ; alike perilous—for that of the seraff of the Porte was sure to end in death and confiscation, or exile and ruin, like the more splendid one of the hospodar. There was, however, one grand point of difference between the Armenians and the Greeks ; and it may be assumed, as one among many proofs of the superiority claimed for the latter, over all the dwellers in the East.

The Greeks, as they advanced in prosperity, improved in spirit ; they contracted European ideas, and laboured, that their children should have some of the advantages of European education. They more and more detested the

Turkish tyranny, as they acquired light to judge of its full horrors and deformities, and to contrast it with civilized Christian governments. They threw off the Eastern customs and opinions of their predecessors, as unworthy trammels ; they assimilated their domestic interior to those of our western world ; and for more than a quarter of a century, the European traveller had remarked the advancement of the Greeks, in intellect and manner. They could not stop there—they looked to what *they* had been—at what the Turks *are*—and they conceived, cherished the idea, of acquiring their independence, and becoming again a nation !

But the Armenians, the plodding, the un-intellectual Armenians, had not the embryo, the spark of a spirit within them, to be warmed by their prosperity. Essentially oriental, they continued unchangeable in their attachments to

the ideas and usages inveterate, from their many-centuried existence; they still despised knives and forks, sat cross-legged, veiled their wives' faces, and smoked their pipes, in gross, contented ignorance. The oppression of their masters they felt less than the Greeks; for the submissiveness, the grovelling spirit of the Armenians, disarmed the apprehension and hatred the ancient possessors of the country constantly kept awake in the bosoms of the Mussulman conquerors. Of that oppression they would lose sight altogether: they were decidedly the favoured class among the rayahs; and though not exempt from violence and extortion, they balanced the injuries they sustained, with the advantages they derived from the short-sighted, indolent Turks; and the evil with the good, they were inclined to become advocates for the statu quo of things; and the Armenians of Con-

stantinople, as an experienced and philosophic observer has said, would certainly view the subversion of the Ottoman empire with regret.⁽¹⁶⁾

It might be both instructive and amusing, to trace the history and condition of the different classes of rayah, or conquered population, in the Ottoman empire; this, however, is not the place; and it may suffice for the present, to describe, as we have done, the effects and the character resulting therefrom to the Armenians. But the abjectness, the timidity, the downcast eyes, the crouching demeanour, the silence of these men, when in the presence of the Turks, must be seen to be understood.

The proud Osmanlis, besides the reproachful term with which their anger designates the Armenians, have another name for them, in their moods of friendship and goodwill—they call them men camels; and their en-

during patience, industry, and usefulness, may make the name of the quadruped applicable. The analogy may be further extended; for, as among animals, the camel is that which bears most markedly the signs of subjection and servitude, so among men, is the Armenian of Constantinople.⁽¹⁷⁾ No soul-stirring reminiscences of ancient glory and independence; no patriotism, (that religion of earth!) no abstract love of freedom, can be expected in a race like this.

The Armenians neither recall the past nor look forward to the future; they are in this, inferior even to the despised Jews, who still, from the depths of their degradation, remember that they were once "the denizens of their own free independent state;" and enslaved, poor, scattered, dishonoured as they are, their souls' aspirations are for the day when they shall

again be free, rich, united—a nation! Aye! some there are, who, in the glowing language of the Hebrew Maid,⁽¹⁸⁾ can refer to “the ancient history of the people of God;” can esteem the proudest names of other lands but “as the gourd compared with the cedar;”—can trace those names “that ascend, far back, to the high times, when the Divine Presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim; and which derived their splendour from no earthly prince, but from the awful voice, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the Vision!”

And indeed, the children of Israel who retain their faith, generally, and thrown wherever they may be, still mourn, as in the days of their Babylonian captivity, over the picture of Zion; and the feeling with which they look forward to the fulfilment of misunderstood prophecy,

has perhaps in it, as much of nationality, of patriotism, as of religion.

In England, in other countries of Europe, where, admitted by degrees to somewhat like equality of rights, the Jews, imbibing the modes and opinions of our days, and verging to a change of belief, or (as may be feared,) to general disbelief, are not so strongly moved by the sentiments alluded to;—but in the East, where they are strictly confined to the society of themselves; where they are shunned and contemned by all castes and creeds; where they retain their ancient usages; where their women wear the garments and style of ornaments they wore when a David or a Solomon sat on the throne of Israel; where the holy hill of Sion, and “Siloa’s brook, that flow’d fast by the oracle of God,”—are comparatively objects near at hand and accessible, those senti-

ments of patriotism are ardent and enduring. They are not often shown openly, as though they never would excite envy or fear; they certainly would provoke derision; but he who traces these sketches, remembers a burst of feeling, and a scene, that deeply interested him at the time.

He was standing in Constantinople, at the upper extremity of the Hippodrome, and at the foot of the Egyptian obelisk, with the twisted broken column, or truncated tripod of bronze behind him—before him extended the long, vast square, retaining nearly its original dimensions—the arena, where a mighty empire had displayed its pomp and splendour; where the maddening course of the charioteers had caused the hearts of assembled thousands to rush like the fiery wheels of the contending cars; and where the deadly factions of the blues and the

greens had dyed the soil with red blood. He stood there, overpowered with the recollections, and the real and present magnificence of the spot.⁽¹⁹⁾

To his right, and running half the length of the Hippodrome, was a wall, with open iron railings, that separated the square from a vast and well-paved court-yard, in which rose the Mosque of Sultan Achmet—the grandest edifice in Turkey—with its swelling domes, and six towering minarets. Before him, at the end of the Hippodrome, was the broad and ancient mass of Santa Sophia; and at the same extremity, but to the left, the column of the Emperor Marcian showed itself over a line of serais and meaner buildings. The breezes of evening were busy, in a line of fair and stately trees, ranged in front of the nearer mosques, while the setting sun, striking on the taper, gilded points

of the minarets, made them glitter like flames, and shining full on the wide-arched upper casements beneath the dome, gorgeously coloured the expansive glass with the hues of purple and of molten gold. The building of the Mahometan conqueror showed as a mountain of purely white marble; the more distant temple of the Christian emperor, in colour grey, and subdued, in mourning weeds for its actual desecration; but, taken both together, the church and the mosque, without any accessories, save the spacious square and the mystic column—they offered a picture which, perhaps no capital can surpass.

A poor old Jew had approached the traveller, to offer him some attar of roses for sale; he might have remarked, that he was impressed with what he saw; he followed his eyes, and measured with him the length of the Hippo-

drome, the elevation of the domes and towers, the breadth of the stately edifices. “And what is all this?” said he, in the corrupted Spanish, (the general dialect of the Jews in Turkey,) “what is all this to the Holy Mount, and the Temple of Solomon?—Aye, Jerusalem, our city, and the city of our Lord, was as superior to Stamboul and all its glories, as is Stamboul to Ortakeui !”⁽²⁰⁾

CHAPTER V.

A RESOLUTION like that made by the hero of our tale, at the end of the third chapter, was likely to be kept; and as his time for once lay heavily on his hands, as in the pursuits of gallantry that had occupied him, he had himself tired of one fair friend, and had caused another to tire of him, as he had no new horse to exercise and be proud of, no new shawl or robe with which to attract attention, among the blue coats and bright buttons of the *cercle diploma-*

tique of Pera, or awaken envy among the gaudy Stamboul dandies—as, in fine, he had nothing to do that was worth the while doing, he went back to his grandmother's the very next day.

The thanks of his aged relative for so speedy a repetition of his kind visit, the beautiful view of the Bosphorus, and a good appetite for his supper, despite his kindling passion, were however the only rewards his exertions met with—Veronica came not.

He went home that evening in a very bad humour with himself, and with the Armenian race in general: he determined that Veronica must have ears like an ass, feet like an *hamal*, ⁽¹⁾ and that he must be a fool, if ever again he lost his *precious* time for her. And yet without any revelation from another world, to show him he erred, and to change his opinion during the night, the next morning found him full of

anxiety to see that pale impressive face again, and busied in devising some pretext for again repeating his visit to the Princess; who, conscious as he himself was of a secondary motive so perfectly independent of his duty and attachment to her, he apprehended might detect its cause, and throw obstacles in the way of his meeting Veronica, before he should have impressed the fair Armenian with a full sense of his merits and *irresistibleness*.

A letter from his mother at Bucharest, and a present of rare fruit, the growth of the seraglio garden, came most opportunely to his succour. "I must carry these myself," said Constantine; "I will go early—I will dine with my grandmother—I *will* see the lily of the seraff, if I wait till night, and hear every piece of good advice the old lady ever gave me, over again." He went, and a dull day he had of it.

In vain did he look along the quay, mistaking every distant veiled figure he saw for the object he desired; in vain did he fix his eye on the house of the Tinghir-Oglus, expecting to see Veronica enter it from without, or issue thence for her promenade, or her visit to the Princess. He felt, too, his lengthening disappointment the more keenly, as, on his arrival, his relative had said that she expected her young Armenian friend would visit her in the course of the day—that some of the fair fruit—her Costandi's present, should regale the kind Veronica.

As he sat at dinner with the Princess, he heard a female voice at the outer door, gently call the name of "Petracki;" the sound was more musical than the voice of a cherub—it must be the attendant's call—*she* must be there—he almost leaped from his seat.

Petracki, obedient to the summons, repaired

to the outer hall, and pulled a cord which communicated with the latch; the door creaked on its hinges, feet were heard on the stairs—light, gentle, the fall of female feet—two figures advanced to the open doors of the saloon, yashmacks covered their faces, their boots and papooshes were of the proper colour—was the loiterer come at last? No! they were only two Armenian women who were bringing home some kalemkiars, ⁽²⁾ the Princess had ordered for the mother of Costandi—of the graceless youth, who, at this unexpected disclosure, destroyed the graceful curl of his moustache by furiously pulling it, and the *grace* of a whole morning's good behaviour (in the eyes of his grandmamma) by speaking ill of painted handkerchiefs.

But the most painful incident was towards the close of day, when, as tired and exas-

perated, he was looking across the Bosphorus to the Giant's Mount, whose ridge of trees bending towards him, from the blasts of the Euxine, as if in mockery, to say that they were coming to him—a promise *they* seemed as likely to keep as Veronica—he saw a four-oared caïk, with ladies seated at its stern, approach the quay. The boat stopped opposite the house of the Tinghir-Oglus ; three ladies, closely veiled and wrapped in their ample cloaks, stepped on shore and glided to the porch, whilst, to gratify the longing eyes of the Prince, Veronica's uncle Yussuf, with long iron-grey moustachoes, and a chin for a week unconscious of a razor, stood leisurely by the water's edge to settle some matter of paras with the boatmen.

Before the disappointed Constantine descended the Bosphorus that evening, he walked for awhile up and down the quay, in the hopes that

Veronica might see at least, by his presence there, how very ill she was behaving.

His only pleasure—and childish as it may be, it is a pleasure that all who have loved have felt—was to fix his eye on a light that faintly glimmered through the well-secured lattices of a room in the seraff's abode—to fancy that its rays illumined the face and form of the fair Armenian, and as it was obscured to him by some object passing in the room, or by a tremulous shadow playing across its radiance, to determine that effect was produced by Veronica.

Fishing is an amusement very much resorted to at Constantinople, where pastimes are somewhat scarce, and at different seasons of the year the banks of the Bosphorus are lined with adventurous caïks, furnished with nets and hooks. The nature of the occupation could scarcely accord with an active, impetuous, impatient dis-

position like that of our young Greek ; he had often expressed his astonishment how a man who could bestride a steed, and had an open, unobstructed country, like the wild neighbourhood of Stamboul, to gallop over, and to make his own, could coop himself up in a rocking caïk ; and he had invariably refused to honour the aquatic piscatory parties with his presence.

His conversion was very sudden. The morning which succeeded the day of his disappointment, saw him more anxious than ever for a sight, for a word with the Armenian, whom, though he had ten thousand times represented to himself in the garb of inferiority, and as an object not meriting his love, he felt he loved. There were no letters to cover his visit to the Princess, and he had neither fruit nor flower to present. What should he do ? A scene of the preceding day recurred to his memory—

it was a long bark on the Bosphorus, laying on its oars, with six black-headed Armenians leaning over the waves, and bobbing with rodless lines. These fellows moved like machinery, and were just as silent, save now and then, that a fish was hooked up, and their hilarity exploded in the Turkish monosyllable "*bir*," or one.

"I will become a fisherman," thought he; "the idea is excellent! my new vocation will give a motive not only for this day's visit, but to as many other and consecutive ones as I choose to make: so I can float up and down the Bosphorus like a porpus; so I can pass and repass that cursed quay, and gaze on old Tinghir-Oglus' house, till *he* may think I have a design to knock it down with the evil eye, —till Veronica again show herself!"

The implements of the often-derided sport were soon purchased, and before noon Constan-

tine was again landing at the Princess's residence. He blessed his star for having conducted him.

The day was a great Catholic festival,—the Tinghir-Oglus, as Armenians of the Roman church, were sure to make a holiday of it—he was certain to see them out of doors—and so much had the rising passion gained upon him, by irritation, and disappointment, and delay, that he fancied he should, to a certain degree, be happy, could he but rest his eyes on Veronica's form, even though it were buried in broad-cloth and linen.

Petracki, who gave this information regarding the fête of the rival church, was, though old, a true Fanariote Greek servant—quick-sighted and shrewd; he had witnessed, moreover, the animated pantomime in the passage, when Veronica retired by the garden-door; he had seen his young master's hand on her's, and had

watched the flush and animation of his countenance ; he guessed the rest, though not to its full extent, for had he suspected, what by this time was almost the case, that the hope, the pride of the house in whose service, through prosperity and adversity, his life had been passed, that *he*, Constantine Ghika, a Greek, and of the noblest, was seriously enamoured of an Armenian, the daughter of a vulgar seraff, Petracki would have bit off his tongue rather than say any thing that might lead to another meeting. But a little playful gallantry was permitted to youth ; the flames of the gentle god might play for awhile innocuously round the heart of maid and swain—and then it might some way or other tend to annoy the starch, purse-proud, gross Capriles,—and that would be delightful !

Constantine was sitting on the quay by the

water's edge, arranging his fishing tackle, and pricking his fingers with the hooks, for his eyes were looking after something in the frontispiece of the black-painted wooden house, occupied by the Armenians, when Petracki renewed his conversation.

“ Ah, my young master ! if I were permitted to guess, I should say, that the fish you intend to catch does not swim in the water.”

The Prince's quick eye turned on the favourite serving-man, and the significant smile, and the oblique glance from himself to the Armenian house, told him that Petracki was master of his secret.

“ And suppose it do not, Petracki,” replied the Prince, after a moment of hesitation and confusion ; for he had not yet overcome that feeling, which would make him blush at the thoughts of an Armenian passion of a serious

nature—"suppose it do not, can you tell me where it does swim?"

"Mayhap I might."

"If you could, it would deserve a sportsman's thanks. As for myself, I begin to fancy it frequents depths deeper than the mid-way channel, and far less accessible."

"Listen, novice in fishing as you are," replied Petracki, gently pulling the Prince by the sleeve towards the door of the house, where from a curve in the quay they could not be seen by the Armenian neighbours; "the fisherman heeds how his shadow be cast on the waves, lest he startle, and frighten his finny prey beneath—why, the whole shoal your game belongs to, may see you stretching over the boat, and will certainly prevent its biting!"

"I understand you, my palikari—they see me from those close latticed windows—I beg

pardon—I mean from those sedges, and hinder the delicate fry from striking a fin.”

“ I know not that it is so, but even so it might be, according to the rules of fishing,” continued Petracki, with increasing confidence.

“ But what then is to be done for the coy fish ?” said Constantine.

“ It is their migratory season,—like the palamedes, ⁽³⁾ they are about to take their passage to-day—the whole shoal is going down the Bosphorus !”

Now, as the fish alluded to, are great travellers, and descending from the wintry Euxine by the Bosphorus, the Propontis, and the Dardanelles, go Heaven knows where, Constantine thought Petracki was carrying his metaphors a little too far. “ Their passage to-day !” said he quickly ; “ going—why, where in Satan’s name, is Veronica going ?”

“Veronica! my gentle master, and what fish is that? I never heard of such before.”

“Curse fish!” cried the Prince.

“With all my heart—I keep no Roman fasts!”⁽⁴⁾ replied Petracki, delighted like a Greek with any exercise of his wits, and determined not to be driven so soon out of his types and symbols.

“Petracki,” said the Prince earnestly, “let us speak plain Romaïc; “tell me who is going—tell me where.”

“My good young master, the matter is by no means so important—*she* is neither going to Aleppo, nor to Mecca; but merely, as to-day is a Catholic holiday, the whole family of our very worthy neighbours, are to descend the Bosphorus—no farther, however, than the village of Arnäut-Keui, where they are to join the festivity of some of their friends—doubly

amiable as Catholics and as Armenians, like themselves. That is all I know; I learned it from their serving-woman, Taqui, this morning, and I thought it might be interesting to *somebody*."

"You guess right, Petracki; but not a word of this to the Princess, your mistress!"

"I am dumb," said the old Greek; and then musing a minute, he continued: "it is matter that requires neither inquiry, nor admonition; my master's pursuit is merely an innocent piece of gallantry—a pastime to himself,—of course there can be nothing serious, for the Cocona⁽⁵⁾ is an Armenian."

"She is an Armenian," repeated Constantine; and if he neither groaned nor sighed, he turned away his head to conceal a certain emotion.

"And yet, Armenian as she is," continued

Petracki, turning consideration from Constantine to Veronica, "she is a generous, noble creature, and my master would not wrong the youthful benefactress of the aged mother of her who gave him birth."

"Never, my honest fellow!" said the Prince, with most sincere warmth. A brief silence which ensued was broken by Petracki.

"I have been thinking then, that you had better give up this pursuit and go no farther—at least so it strikes me, now that I consider the matter seriously—separated as you are in caste and sect—inferior as is the blood—but not to speak of that, you never can be anything to each other; and I may equally dread, or almost so—for she has been a friend to us in the moments of our utmost need—either that evil may accrue from the indulgence of what is now but a caprice, to the gentle, the kind Armenian, or

that our own Constantine may rue in earnest, what he began in sport—for if old eyes and ears like mine may still judge, the beauty and wit of Veronica are not to be encountered too often with impunity.”

“Beauty, and more—*wit!*” interrupted the Prince, resolved not to listen to the advice, reasonable as he felt it to be, and accordant as it was with some serious thoughts the old man had awakened within him: “wit indeed! what are you a Greek, and allow wit to an Armenian! surely your ears must have deceived you—perhaps your eyes have served you better—come, tell me, what sort of ears has Veronica?”

Petracki’s grizzled moustachoes curled up with a smile, and he was going to paint a portrait of the young lady, which would have no wise tended to second his advice, or detach the Prince from his pursuit, when a rush was heard

in the waters of the channel, and the Tinghir-Oglus' best caïk, with three pair of oars, was observed at the edge of the quay, having issued from beneath their house.⁽⁶⁾

“As Saint Peter is my saint and protector,” said the old Greek, “they are going even now—see! there they are.”

The caïk lay alongside the convenient quay, and so deep is the water that laves the Bosphorus' banks, that an “Argosie” might have laid there as well. The first figures that approached it were two old Armenian serving men, with thickly padded, dark skull-caps, and short jackets with tight sleeves, that showed the amplitude of their nether garments to the greatest advantage. Each bore in his hand a large, well stuffed cushion, and a small, but thick Persian carpet, which they carefully spread in the boat. Next came two more youthful attendants, carry-

ing each a narghilè, or water pipe, the flexible tube of which was twisted round the arm in guise of a snake, while the brass mounting, newly polished, shone brilliantly in the sun. Then came two brawny old gentlemen of a mahogany complexion, who from the homeliness of their appearance, would, scarcely have been judged the masters or movers of all these “notes of preparation;” they seemed indeed to belong to the narghilès in whose train they moved; but like our mother earth, which, obsequious to the sun, has still the moon in immediate controul and attendance, each of the pursy seraffs bore a long chibook in his hand.

They stepped into the caïk, and at once the aspiring poop of the boat was brought to somewhat like its level by their weight. They sat themselves down crossed legged in the bottom of the caïk; and as the chibookjis, the two youths,

already specified, had taken their places behind them, on the short deck, that always occupies the stern-point of these Turkish boats, the cargo might have been supposed complete.

Constantine began to imagine it really was, when his heart beat at the appearance of three veiled figures, and quicker still when the lightness and quickness of motion of the first that stepped unhanded over the boat's side, betrayed youth, and, so it seemed to him—Veronica.

The women were presently sedent in the bottom of the boat, cross-legged like the men; the chibookjis did their duty; the pipes were lit, and the Armenian brothers, puffing in time to the pull of the oars, this festive party glided down the gay stream of the Bosphorus in wordless silence.

“What merry souls they are,” said Petracki,

as his master, from within the Princess's door, followed them with his eyes.

“Aye ! animated indeed,” rejoined the Prince, whose contempt for the Armenians was revived by the mute pantomime—the gross want of gallantry he had just witnessed. “And yet if I read aright, there is one there that might be made to feel. Petracki, you must say nothing about it within, but when I go to fish this afternoon, I shall not want these nets ; I shall go to Arnaut-Keui.”

CHAPTER VI.

IF there is a dearth or monotony of amusement in Turkey, there is no lack of holidays. The sabbaths alone of the three great sects that divide the East, occupy three successive days of the week, the Turk holding as holy our Friday, the Jew the Saturday, the Christian the Sunday; and as, in the cities especially, and among the classes engaged in trade, the followers of these religions are mixed up together, and depend in many of their operations upon each

other, it happens that the festival of one always interferes with the labours or business of two, and that, in a certain degree, all are obliged to keep three holidays in the week.

Though cessation from worldly occupation is not imposed as a duty by the Koran, repose is so congenial to the Turk, that he seizes it whenever he can, and has ever imitated the conduct of the Nazarene or Jewish rayahs, who “do no manner of work,” on the days they esteem the Lord’s. The number of Turks recumbent under cool plane trees, or by the sides of plashing fountains, is vastly augmented on the Friday; on the Saturday, if the stranger traverse the bazaars—for it is there, where all business is done—he sees that many of the warehouses or shops are shut, and misses the busy, cringing Jews; on the Sunday, the Turks and Jews are there, though from the mixed relations

alluded to, far less numerous than in the early days of the week, but he finds neither Greeks nor Armenians, and in their absence the Bezes-teen ⁽¹⁾ wears an air of desertion. But the fifty-two Sabbaths of each church, or faith, are insignificant in number, when compared with the numerous conceptions and assumptions, birth-days and death-days, saints-days and other days, that are *held* as *holy*-days.

In this latter enumeration we must, in justice, exclude the Moslems; for three days at the festival of the Bairam, three others at the Courbam-Bairam, and one day at the Mevlewt, or birth-day of Mahomet, are the only ones marked on their annual rubric. The Jews in this respect, stand next in moderation to the Moslems, though their festivals are infinitely more numerous; but the remaining class, the Christians, sub-divide themselves into three

hostile sects, each of which has its saint, and its festivals, and its peculiar holidays.

The advocate for industry has too often sighed over the indolence induced, under a sacred show, by the fêtes of Catholic countries, but these are exceeded in frequency by those of the Greek church, whilst the difference in style, or date, is the occasion that the same holidays in name, as Christmas, Easter, and the rest, are celebrated at different times by the Greeks and the Romanists, and some of them in such an unfortunate juxta-position, that, “at the same moment one party is in the consternation of grief, occasioned by the anniversary of the death of the Son of God, and the other in the transports of joy at his resurrection.”⁽²⁾

The third, the Eutychean, or Armenian creed, has also its festivals, its separate saints, and its martyrs—in short, were the days on

which labour is prohibited in the three churches put together, they might occupy the whole year; and it must strike us as fortunate, that they have retained even one common Sabbath, and have not shown their disseverance and opposition in the election of three separate days on which to worship the Lord.

Besides the partial interference and suspension of business necessarily occasioned, it must happen, that the festivities of the one class seduce the other by the force of example. This will particularly happen during the fine seasons, which may be said to reign nine months in the year, and to spread enchantment over the ever touching scenery in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

If the lively Greek, with a finer disposition for enjoyment than any of the rest, see his Armenian neighbour embark his pipe and him-

self in a light caïk to ascend the Bosphorus, and spend a day of *keff*,⁽³⁾ he cannot sit cross-legged from morn till eve, at the front of his open shop, but must repair to the scene of the day's festivity, in the afternoon. The same thing will occur, reversing the case of the Greek and Armenian, (let the latter be Catholic or Eutychean,) and it will be found that the festive crowd collected at an Ayasma,⁽⁴⁾ or Panayea, will be swelled by those who hold not the same creeds.

Even on the Moslem's Friday, and chiefly at the glorious season which follows the festival of Saint George, the parties of Turks that repair, on prancing steeds, in silent, gliding caïks, or saunter slowly along on foot, following the curves of the Golden Horn, and the sleeping rivulet Barbyses—all to the valley of the Sweet-waters—the verdant, the cool Kiat-

hané, to spend the time till the glorious orb of day sink on scenes, than which he sees none lovelier, on his vast and eternal course ; those flocking Osmanlis, even then, though mixed not with them, but apart, and distinct in their pride and intolerance, oftentimes are less numerous than the knots of rayah subjects, who are taking the same road.

And then, in that valley itself, redolent with freshness and beauty, and joy—where the sward is so emerald, so smooth, its flowers so bright of hue, that it should seem the foot of mortal ought not to soil its purity ; where the shade is so broad and refreshing under the over-arching trees ; where the water glides so silently and smooth in its marble bed, or gushes and plashes with a soul-cooling sound, in the marble fountains ; where the gaily-coloured, the light kiosk,⁽⁵⁾ though the erection of a tyrant, has the

mien of a residence destined to the gentle Graces and Loves; where the enamelled mead spreads before the released coursers,⁽⁶⁾ who chase each other along the rich, hollow-sounding turf; and bound and neigh aloud, while the echo of their rapid hoofs, and of their gleeful voices, is prolonged by the surrounding green hills that clasp the valley in a close and jealous embrace, as if to separate it, and protect it from the rest of the earth. There, in that glen, never to be forgotten by him who has but once loitered through it, during the delicious months of May and June, are found, on holidays, crowds of every class or caste that dwell in vast Stamboul, and its wide-spreading suburbs. All idle, thoughtless, and happy in their way.

This continual out-of-door, dis-occupied life, which ever forcing itself on the eye throughout the East, sets the natives of more industrious

countries wondering how they all live, and would inevitably drive the political economist, the utilitarian, into a very unsatisfactory train of thought. Yet they *do* live—they, or at least some portion of them, *do* labour sufficiently in some mode or other, to support the community, and until an entire change be wrought in the government of the despot, whose subjects they are—until law secure property, and wealth cease to endanger, (as it now does,) the life of its possessor; the slaves of the sultan do well to set not their hearts on the accumulation of treasure, the acquiring of honour; and these are the *wisest* of his lieges, who, contented with their pilaff and their chibook, can recline the whole day in the pleasant shade of a tree.

Were the hearts of these slaves susceptible to the ineffable beauty of the scenes around

them, with such an inexhaustible resource at hand, their condition and enjoyments might really be matter of envy to the free, the bold, the intellectual; and yet, uninformed as they are,—vulgar, incapable of giving expression, or of understanding themselves what passes in their minds,—who shall venture to say, that the glorious aspect of enamelled mead, and verdant hill, of flowing torrent and waving wood, of the rushing strait and the smoothly spreading sea, of the grouping islands and the proud aspiring mountain—though they never heard the name of Olympus, and to them Homer and all his divinities are an unknown creation—who shall say, that the magic panorama, reaches not their hearts grovelling as they may be, and imparts not a portion of its divine colouring; when we see the steed we bestride, the very dog that tracks our steps, point his ears and give

indications of animation and sensibility as a sudden turn in the road, or an opening vista, affords the spectacle of summer's setting sun, or some scene of peculiar grandeur or beauty? But be that as it may, whether they taste the banquet an Almighty hand has spread before them, or have no sense for it, whether they enjoy the scenery or not, their presence, their moods of *idlesse*, their Oriental pastimes, grouping, and costume, their variety of caste and race, displayed more markedly still in their forms and faces than in their dresses, certainly add vastly to the picturesqueness of the spots they frequent, and enhance their beauty in the eyes of the foreign wanderer; nor, though carrying with him a conviction of the value of the qualities of energy, and enterprise, and industry, that have rendered his own country such, that his heart beats with pride as he ac-

knowledges her in a far-off land, will he always be inclined to draw unfavourable comparisons, and to reprobate the displays of Oriental indolence and listlessness, that are continually meeting his eyes.

But could he, indeed, with justice, act the part of a censor? Would not his blame recoil upon himself? For why is he there? What does he there but idle? What has he been doing for months, for years, but losing his time in abstractions, or dreaming over solitary regions and fallen temples, which, *in fact*, are but wastes, and stones! And even now, if his eye is active on the groups assembled at Stamboul's fairest promenade, and if his imagination warms and swells, as the sight of the Israelite carries him back to the remotest periods of history, and to regions of mystery and ineffable splendour; as the Armenian suggests ideas

almost as eastern and antiquated ; as the Greek, spirited and elegant, even in his degradation, recalls the days of Themistocles and of Phidias, and identifies himself with that ancient race, whom letters and arts have immortalized ; as the Turk, with flowing robe, and muslin turban, and indolent and haughty air, transports him far away to the wilds beyond the Caspian, whence sprang his nation, and assimilates himself to the Persian, the enemy of the Greek of two thousand years ago, as *he* is the foe of the Greek of to day ; as the groom to the sultan's steeds now ranging the valley—the mild, blue-eyed rustic, whose pipe and tabor (their ancestors could wield the sword and spear !) are the principal amusements of the festive day—as the Bulgarian peasant speaks of mountain-life and mountain-liberty, of the dauntless tribes that baffled all the power of the Grecian

emperor, and as he resembles, in the stranger's eye, the hardy Highlander of his own native land ;⁽⁷⁾—still what is all this but idleness or profitless speculation—a little more intellectual, it may be, than the ruminations of one of those Turks or Armenians, who is watching the smoke curling from his pipe—a little more spirit stirring, but still idleness !

But let us return to the Bosphorus and our impatient Constantine, whose premeditated excursion to a Catholic festival has led to such a wide digression.

When the sun began to decline, and the evening breeze, which gives coolness and delight to the warmest summer days in the spots we are describing, was setting in, Constantine left Emenergen-Oglu for Arnäut-Keui, which is indisputably one of the finest of the numerous villages on the strait, whether on the side of Europe or of Asia.

The distance was short, Arnäut-Keui being not more than two miles from the residence of the Princess, and so much lower down the channel, or nearer to Constantinople; yet this space includes, perhaps, the loveliest scenes of the Bosphorus, which is every where beautiful, from the "blue Symplegades," to where, at the point of Stamboul's triangle, its waters mingle with the expanding waves of the Propontis.

His caïk, favoured by the rapid current, glided past the villages of Jeni-Keui, Istenia, and the deep port, the village, and the wood of Balta-liman. He did not pause, as he reached the narrowest part of the straits; the spot which is marked by nature as the military passage from Asia into Europe, and which is farther indicated as such by the two castles which face each other on the meeting continents.

The beauty and the horror of the scene, and its associations, had long been familiar to Constantine ; but the stranger might pause.

- It was supposed to be here, and the peculiar and unchanging nature of this part of the strait gives more strength to the supposition than historical hypotheses are always attended with, that the great Darius crossed the narrow sea to chastise the Scythians ; and it was here, and many centuries after, that another Eastern conqueror erected the fortresses we now see, which gave him the command of the Bosphorus, and hastened and facilitated the capture of Constantinople. ⁽⁸⁾ The castles stand on the sloping banks of the Bosphorus, and on two small capes, inconsiderable in projection and height, that regard each other obliquely : neither the Roumeli-hissar, or the fortress of Europe, nor the Anadoli-hissar, or the fortress of Asia, pos-

sesses any imposing or terrible features; indeed, a round tower, not larger than a coast-martello, a double line of *crenelated* walls, ascending in their longitude the sides of the hill, a low battery with guns, important from their weight, but contemptible from their awkward arrangement and the immoveable carriages on which they are fixed, are the characters of each; and as they are always kept neatly whitewashed, the miniature castles might almost be mistaken for pleasure houses.

It was an infernal mockery to give so mild an air to the outside of an interior of horror! We place the lovely marble on the grave, and it is well, for death has had his own, and is no more appalling—the victim that sleeps beneath is as impassive as the product of the quarry that records his name, or begs a prayer for his departed soul—though his agonies may have been

measureless, his final hours an accumulation of horror, he is now at peace—at peace ! and the tyranny that could tear his quickly decaying, his so lately susceptible form, from the hospitable earth that covers it, might rend it into ten thousand pieces, might scatter it in the air, might consume it in fire, but could not inflict an ache—no ! not so much as that of a scratching pin ! But these turreted walls, bright and pure in hue as the marble, are the living recesses of human woe, the lair where tyranny laps the blood of her victims, and shouts over her hellish repast ! It is here, and at this moment, when the remorseless measures of Sultan Mahmood against the obnoxious incorporation were in full career, the executions were more frequent than ever, that the Janissaries are transported, and a gun from the European castle is the knell of each that falls—the peal-

that announces a fellow-creature ceases to exist with the smoke that curls from the cannon's mouth. This is not the grave with its imper-
turbable repose, but the stormy, anguished pas-
sage that leads to it,—this is not the void abyss,
where feeling is extinct, but the overhanging,
inevitable precipice, where feeling has all its
acuteness, and would cling to the slippery, ob-
durate rock, and shriek so piteously to be saved
yet awhile the fatal descent! There within
those walls, which a youth might leap in his
sport, within that whitened tower so fair to the
eye, had groaned—still groaned, fathers torn
from their children's embrace—husbands drag-
ged from the arms of their senseless wives: the
inscription at hell's entrance, “O leave all hope,
ye who enter herein,” might have been inscribed
over its gate—the victims all knew this, for
what captive had ever made egress from Rou-

meli-hissar, otherwise than as a headless corse cast into the Bosphorus' current ?

With all their affections fresh within them, with the memory of the hopes that had sprung but yesterday, of the projects to occupy months, years of existence, of their unexpiated crime perhaps—and oh ! with their unavailable remorse, each wretch was left to number the brief rapid moments between him and death ; and as the walls of his prison trembled at the shock, and the winding banks of the channel echoed the cannon's roar, that told, for one human being, time had become eternity, to groan, " It may be my turn next ! "

The little promontory on which this fortress is situated, was anciently denominated of Minerva ; it is covered with gay green trees, with here and there a diminutive cypress ; and a pleasant and picturesque village, inhabited by

Turks, stands round the castle. But the Asiatic neighbour, or rival, the Anadolihissar, is perhaps still more beautiful and smiling; and the moment Constantine was passing, the declining sun's rays rested on its white walls with most advantageous effect. A Turkish hamlet, bearing the name of the castle, is close to it, and at a short distance it is overlooked by the projecting mount, (crowned with a spacious kiosk and garden) and the village—the romantic village of Kandilly. The fortress and the villages are arranged in a semicircular line; and rising up the banks of the Bosphorus, they seem to indicate an amphitheatre—a fair Naumachia, with waves rapid but smooth, for the combat or the pageant; and here, indeed, the windings of the channel only admit a circumscribed portion of the sea to meet the eye—a lake in aspect, which the warmth of an

eastern sun, the glowing tints of summer's eve, are wont to convert into a glorious, though placid expanse of unrolled sheets of gold, with intervening laminæ of emerald and sapphire.

Between the Anadoli-hissar and Kandilly, is the valley of Gheuk-sou—its Turkish name, which signifies the vale of the waters of celestial blue—as pretty as itself! It is one of those narrow verdant-wooded hollows, of which several open on the Bosphorus from the bosoms of the European or Asiatic hills; and the features it reveals, as seen from the channel or the opposite coast, are a light and fanciful kiosk of the Sultan, like the fishing-house of some fair romance, a small quiet rivulet, and a thick wood of stately plane trees and gnarled oaks.

The back ground to all this is a graceful range

of the Anatolian continent, whose wavy, gentle hills are cultivated or covered with verdant groves, and decked here and there in peculiar and most felicitous effect, with gay, open-looking kiosks, plane trees of luxuriant foliage, knots of dark pines, and young cypresses, more isolated and darker still.

Shortly after passing the advancing cape on which the European castle is built, Constantine rowed by the Turkish cemetery on the water's edge, mentioned on a former occasion; he next went heedlessly by the valley and the imperial kiosk of Bebek, and, rapidly propelled by the current, which at this point runs with the force of a whirlpool to the European bank, he glided by a lovely promontory (the ancient Esties) and landed a few paces beyond it at the quay of the populous villlage of Arnäut-keui.

Here every thing bore evidence to the festivity of the day, and, in the manner we have attempted to explain, all the castes of the inhabitants of the village, Armenians, Catholic and heretic, Greeks, Jews, and a few Franks, were equally intent on enjoyment in their way, without much caring that the festival was one appointed by the Pope.

The whole length of the quay, and it is a long one, was almost taken up by the caïks, that had brought visitors of all classes and races from other villages on the Bosphorus, or from Stamboul, or Tophana, Galata, Pera, Hassim-Pasha, or Saint Dimitri.⁽⁹⁾ On shore, there was a crowd of promenaders; they chiefly seemed to direct their steps inland towards the hills, but some were seated by the channel side, in social groups, smoking their chibooks, whilst along the quay, numerous open

wine-cellars testified to Mussulman toleration, and the laugh and the chorus from within them, to the strength of the juice of the grapes grown under the crescent of Mahomet.

Arnäut-keui is in part situated on the channel, but after passing under an immense Turkish house, the residence of a leading member of the Divan of the day, at the northern extremity of the quay, the village is found to extend from the sea, and to run along an ascending hollow for some distance. It was to this hollow that Constantine, following the living current that flowed thitherward, directed his steps.

“I shall see Veronica on the brow of the hill, or at the kiosk, where the groups repose and enjoy themselves,” thought he, as he walked onwards, for once in his life indifferent to the many pretty faces that glanced unveiled

by him, and incurious whether the large languishing black eyes of the far more numerous fair ones who were veiled, appertained to pretty faces or to downright frights.

CHAPTER VII.

To the sounds of numerous feet shuffling along in papooshes, and of a Babel of language, proceeding almost entirely from the women, for not even a steep hill could stop their tongues—Constantine continued his walk in search of Veronica.

The circumstances that had disappointed him repeatedly in his hopes of seeing her, had tended to increase his impatience to an intense degree, and to give a character and direction to

that passion which, under opposite events, it might never have acquired.

A second interview with an amiable object will often destroy the impression of the first, which is as yet weak and delible; the first magic glance that carried to the bosom a picture of exquisite beauty, with a sensation of overpowering delight, may be coldly rectified in a succeeding meeting, when the eye, and the ear too, shall have reason to be critical: a feature discovered to be defective, a smile misplaced, an unfortunate remark, an unfortunate complexion of the day, an unfortunate tone of voice, a cold—nay, so absolute a trifle as an unfortunately chosen ribbon, and many a thing more trifling still, has been known to be a speedy corrective to first-sight love, and to send one from the desired visit—the penetrating *second-sight*, with the tranquillizing

conviction, that *she* is not so beautiful, after all—that the sun may shine on her equals, her superiors, and, in fine, that it is very possible to live without her.

But when the mind is left to dwell upon its first perception, and to cherish the loveliness that broke on it but for a moment, like a glimpse of paradise—a rapid, evanescent opening of that heaven for which he suffers, on the closing eye of an expiring martyr; when nothing intervenes to divert solitary thoughts, and comparison is impossible—when memory and imagination, and other of the soul's faculties, are exclusively employed on the first impression, like many diverging streams united and thrown with impetuous force in one channel, it must be, that they give it depth and extent—it is likely to happen that rapid admiration be converted into fanciful but

imperious passion; and more particularly, as was our young Greek's case, if the accidents of separation from objects that must recall the intoxicating dream—of absence, of occupation, of variety, be wanting, and if the rising sun of each morning renew the promises that yesterday had belied—the hopes, the assurances that “to-day I shall see her again!”

We would not willingly abuse the too frequently abused words, but from the causes alluded to—from his gratitude for her generous attentions to his helpless relative, his darling mother's parent which he sincerely felt—from a certain feeling of esteem which, from what he had seen and learned of her, would mix with his more sensual admiration of her person; and perhaps, still more than all, from his imaginative passionate disposition, Constantine was at this moment in love with Veronica, and was fast

forgetting that she was the daughter of an Armenian seraff, that he was the son of an hospodar of Wallachia, and that insurmountable obstacles must oppose their union. Their union!—Yes, their lawful marriage, for even early in his love as this, *he*, though not without an effort, could look over the fancied inferiority of Armenian blood. If thoughts less licensed had occupied his passionate brain, they were speedily put to flight by his better feeling, and (shame on us all!) who among us would venture to divulge his soul's secret thoughts, his passion's first suggestions, when its object was really, or imaginarily, inferior in caste or condition, or when the legitimate indulgence of that passion would entail the wrath of family and the scoff of friends. Still, however, Constantine was a Greek and a Fanariote; and though he would not act with the extreme de-

gree of dishonour to Veronica, he already would not hesitate to employ every species of craft and deception against the Tinghir-Oglus and the whole Armenian race, whom he well knew would be averse to him.

He was, indeed, if ever man was in the state we have described—in love ! His heart was full of one dear image, and yet he was not exempt from the personal vanity proverbially attached to the Greeks. His elevated condition allowed him the privilege, and he had changed his heavy, huge, graceless samoor-calpack for the Turkish fess and Eastern turban, susceptible of such infinite elegance and grace ; and if the pure white were prohibited to all but Osmanlis, the cherished green to all but the emirs, or cousins of the prophet, he could venture on other bright hues. His turban was of a bright grey, but lines of gold transversed it rather closely, and a fringe or tassel of gold

fell from one of its extremities, and floated, as he walked, upon his shoulder; the exquisite linen's folds were broad, and *roundly* relieved; the whole had the Stambooli *non-chalant* and proud obliquity, which is attained but by the finished Eastern *petit-maitre*, which occupies the most anxious minutes of the toilette, and is the utter despair of the uninitiated, or of those who have not been admitted into the very penetralia of the fashion and bon-ton of the capital. From the aspiring side of his turban, to balance the tassel on the depressed side, there floated a bright carnation, entwined with the small white flowerets of the jasmin; and the rich blue silk knot of his fess or scarlet skull-cap, (the nucleus of the turban,) just showed itself in the midst of the rich folds, and formed a crown, or termination to the whole. His beneesh, light in colour and material, as befitted the season, was of the hue of the downy peach, of the manufacture of

the finest looms of France—the cut was perfect—it fell in free graceful folds, but not lower than the calf of the leg, and the wide open sleeves flowed into drapery, almost as classic as the toga, from the raised arm of some ancient statue, as he walked along with that elegant deportment—which he shared, however, with even the poorest of his countrymen.

He did not wear the jubbee or flowing silk gown, which, as generally worn by the Turkish effendis, gives an unnatural, effeminate appearance to the whole man, and assorts most ridiculously, in the stranger's eye, with thick beard and fierce moustache; his camisole was beautifully worked in silk, and gold thread; it was cut in the picturesque fashion of the Albanians, disclosing the neck nearly to the shoulder; whilst below the breast, some fanciful apertures and loop-holes, permitted a jewelled and ena-

melled watch to show itself, and gave egress to a costly Venetian gold chain loaded with rings and seals. The shawl that girded his waist was an exquisite cachemere, and so well arranged, that both its blue ground-work and elaborate broad fringe, of many and bright and felicitously combined hues, were well and sufficiently displayed—another great art, be it said in passing, of the Oriental toilette. The princes of Wallachia and Moldavia might even carry arms; and in Constantine's girdle there glittered a short, but massy-handed poinard, set with brilliants, rubies, and emeralds. An instrument of death, throughout the east, being rendered the most costly toy, and considered as essential to the equipment of a gentleman. His shaksheers, or ample Turkish trowsers, were of an amaranthine colour, and of materials still finer than the flowing cloak; they were

contracted by a silken string above the ankle, and revealed that glory of glories, for a Christian—a rayah subject,—that boon, for which alone, death had so often been dared by the intriguing ambitious Greeks,—that summum bonum (in the words of Anastasius) a pair of yellow slippers! In short, Constantine had all the advantages of dress: he could not be better attired, according to the style of the country; and we generally seem to agree, that the costume of the Turks is among the most graceful we are acquainted with. He was fully aware of these advantages; he had improved them, particularly, by the studious toilette of the morning, and he had been too often praised for the beauty of his face and figure, and too long accustomed to compare the flattering reflexion of his own mirror with the features and forms of those he met, to be ignorant that, all in all,

he was one of the handsomest youths at Stamboul. "If I cannot see Veronica," thought he, as he stepped along with grace, and the complacent consciousness of his own good looks; "or, if I cannot discover her through her mantle and veil, she at least can see me—must see me,—and that will be something!"

He had scarcely consoled himself with this idea, when he came up with a troop of Armenian females, who were slowly shuffling up the hill, and increasing, or, it might be, relieving the toils of the ascent, by a general and most voluble gossip.

Their mestler and papooshes were pretty new, and so were their cloaks, and of a finer cloth than would compete with the vulgar. He looked where their faces ought to be, and saw that the yashmacks that buried them were of fine stuffs, and clear as the untrodden

snow—these were all the outer, out-of-door, indications of superior condition, that ever enable the eye to judge of the Turkish or Armenian fair.

They must be Armenian ladies—Veronica might be among them: he would listen, and he thought not even the interposing folds of the linen, which press on the mouth and give to speech the tones it has when under a carnival mask,⁽¹⁾ could disguise for a moment her thrilling voice, at which his heart having once beat, would beat again, should it strike his ear, from a sympathy as mysterious and as powerful as that under which the ocean's waves rise and fall, to the fair and distant moon.

The sympathy, however, was not so strong as he supposed, or Veronica was *not* there; or if she was, she did not speak, for no discovery could Constantine make, though he had the

patience to listen at some length to the vocal concert, and to learn, much to his edification, that fat neighbour Maghurditch was ill of a money fever, ever since the Porte had cut off a pasha,—a creditor's head, without allowing him time to settle with his seraff;⁽²⁾ that cousin Bedros was certainly going to marry his eldest daughter to cousin Bogos; that Asphadur, the enameller, had changed three of the best diamonds in the Stambool effendi's handjar;⁽³⁾ that Capril, the Kalemkiar painter, had changed his religion; and Artine, the broker, his manners, for he was going every night among the Franks at Pera to play *whisk*!

Constantine was about to pass on with an impatient pshaw! when a sonorous voice he had not hitherto heard, preluded a long speech with the name of Tinghir-Oglu. He stopped short; and the words of the gossip he next caught, were—

“Yes, I can assure you, the presents are all fixed and ready; and she is to be married next week!”

“Married—*who?* *she* married?” the Prince was well nigh crying out aloud; and his breathing came thick, and his knees trembled under him, as he stepped closer to the communicative dame, and tried to catch the rest of the words.

By some perversity or other, for which he could have found it in his heart to throw her down the chasm, round whose upper end they were now advancing, the Armenian dame, who had begun to speak with a voice as distinct as a public crier’s, suddenly lowered her tone just at the part that interested him, and continued her news in a whisper, which he cursed from the bottom of his heart.

“Oh, no! as to that, she died yesterday morning,” were the next words from another speaker, that Constantine could understand,

and with that *fixity* of idea which possesses us, in certain conditions of mind, he still recurred to Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus, and without reflecting that the same person could not well be married next week, and dead yesterday, a cold sweat burst forth on his forehead. This was but for a moment; he had seen Veronica, or at least members of her family, step into a caïk but a few hours before, to repair to a scene of festivity—the gossip must be speaking of some other person.

And so she was, for she went on to say that though Puzant had lost one wife so suddenly, there could be no doubt that a rich shawl merchant like himself, would soon bargain for another man's daughter, and get her too. Death should not seem to be a pleasing subject, and yet people in the East, as well as people in the West, enter on it, when once introduced, with extreme zest.

“The *tabute* ⁽⁴⁾ has been in our quarter, as well as yours,” said a waddling dame, who had hitherto been silent: “fat Haterick, the wife of Hatchadûr, the money-lender, has lost her youngest daughter Serpui—but she has got nine others—God is great! and so, you know, there is no great harm done!” ⁽⁵⁾

To escape this detailed necrology, Constantine quickened his steps, and passed the Armenian ladies.

The ravine, or hollow, mentioned as running behind Arnaüt-keui, extends for some distance within land. After the village finishes, there are several scattered houses and kiosks along its steep banks; the acclivities of the hills are cultivated here and there, and bear vines; a few pine trees and a few cypresses aid the scene, and if the hollow be not itself a lovely spot, it certainly is the way to some of the loveliest on earth. When at the head of the ravine, by

continuing straight on, you come to the ridge of the Thracian hills, or summit of the European banks of the Bosphorus, which is most gracefully crested at that point with a whispering grove of delicate light trees. There is a romantic fountain not remote; a still more romantic path or road winding along the valleys, and over the dusky, heathy hills towards Stamboul, passing by the too-memorable site of Levend-Chiflik; ⁽⁶⁾ and there is a cool coffee-house well furnished with seats and sherbets, coffee and chibooks, where you may repose yourself, and feast upon the scene.

But still a greater treat is offered to the eye of the stranger, if, instead of continuing straight on from the village, he turn at the head of the hollow, and follow its left side, returning towards the Bosphorus. He will presently arrive at a smooth piece of table land—a natural elevated esplanade, that runs out

on a projecting headland or cape, which forms an elbow in the channel. This esplanade is enclosed and imperial property, but the public are allowed to promenade there, and a rubieh will always procure admittance to a lovely kiosk which is built at its extremity, and immediately over the narrow sea; and hence is, beyond compare, the finest immediate view of what we have mentioned as the finest parts of the Bosphorus. It is here, Kandilly, and the hills and shores of Asia, besprent with gardens, groves, villas, marine residences, mosques, and royal kiosks, display all their charms. It is here that the eye plunges down on the winding shores of Europe, and on these rapid yet tranquil waves that divide the two continents; and it is rapture to stand here at the evening hour, and watch the fancifully shaped sails, and the swift caïks gliding beneath

you, whilst, from the effect of the setting sun's magical colouring, from their picturesque forms, which are not unlike the *chalets* of mountainous Switzerland, the meanest houses on the water's brink, with their hilly background, verdant and sylvan, assume the character of intrinsic loveliness.

This was the road our hero took. He found, as he had expected, crowds of people gathered on the advantageous esplanade, and plenty of Armenian females, like the Jewesses and the Turkish women, sitting in groups apart from the men, though not a few of them were engaged in the same manner—smoking! but he looked in vain for anything that might denote the presence of Veronica.

He walked round the space, and backward and forward, wherever he saw the purple slipper—still not one of the daughters of Armenia

seemed much to regard him, and even the consolation of being at least seen by Veronica, if he could not see her, was deserting him, when a party of Greek ladies—friends whom he had neglected for several days—traced his melancholy steps, and faced him on a sudden, with a playful reproach, that from the nature and steadiness of his occupation there, he must have fallen in love with some yashmack—was it Turkish, Armenian, or Jewish? Was it fair, was it pardonable, in him, a Greek, thus to abandon his own countrywomen?

With such evidence as the personal charms and graces of the fair Grecian interlocutors before them, no court would, at the moment, have hesitated to declare in their favour, when brought in immediate comparison, as they were, with the awkwardness of dress and demeanor and barbarous concealment of face of the other

classes of the Sultan's female subjects. The ladies of the Fanar advanced frankly with unveiled features, and with a dress so contrived, that instead of wrapping the whole figure, as in a sack, it disclosed, with delicate reserve, the beauties of form; the Greek flowing white veil, as graceful as a Spanish mantilla or a Venetian fazzolli, and almost as coquettish, draped the back and sides of the head, in a style frequently found in ancient statues;⁽⁷⁾ but a *toque*, or *kalemkiar*, worn as a turban, showed itself in the front of the head, and relieved, by the brilliancy of its colour, and by the glossy black folds of hair that it allowed to escape from beneath it, the shroud-like whiteness of the veil. The veil fell loosely to the shoulder, thus interposing no obstacle to the sight of a long, white, elastic neck; it was then curiously crossed, and part coming in front of the robe,

and part floating down the back of the pelisse, it formed a most graceful piece of drapery, loose, ample, and snowy white. The pelisse was of fine light-blue cloth, and scarcely descended to the ankle, for the skirt of a muslin dress, tastefully embroidered, peeped beneath it. Instead of the loose, shapeless, leather boots, which, as worn by the Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish ladies, give their legs the appearance of being afflicted with a monstrous species of elephantiasis, and the peaked slippers which flap and shuffle as they walk, the fair Greeks had adopted the elegancies of Europe, (among the prettiest inventions of modern dress,) the embroidered silk-stockings, or the cotton *bas au jour*, and the small, low-cut shoe, which contributed to display to advantage the statue-like shape and even the colour of the delicate ankle, the high, elastic instep, the concise,

rounded heel, and the flat, classical fall of the toes. ⁽⁸⁾

Constantine, pre-occupied as he was, had too much gallantry and Greek elasticity of character, to refuse the attention and admiration his fair friends challenged. He had only been out of humour, because he had lamed his best Arabian—he was only sauntering there on foot, because he had not a steed he cared for, to carry him; and he assured them, at the moment they had overtaken him, he was only thinking how beautiful was the Bosphorus, Arnaüt-Keui, and Kandilly.

The lightness of heart we assume, will often become real for the time. The Prince had waxed lively and animated, and was profuse of his wit and attentions, when, chancing to cast his eye on a group of Armenian women sitting on the grass, whom, be it said, he had passed

several times before without heeding, so busily was he engaged with his fair Fanariotes, it struck him that there was one in the number regarding him with peculiar and unremitting interest. The witticism died on his lips : it might be Veronica—he gazed as he drew nearer, but whoever it might be, like the shade of the injured Dido at the approach of Eneas, she turned away her head.

He was again agitated and absent—the Cocona Elenco, the youngest and the loveliest of the friends he was promenading with, rallied him to no purpose—in vain her tapering arm was thrust forth coquettishly from the wide falling sleeves of her pelisse—in vain did she lay her cool, small fingers, on his arm, and ask him, in the prettiest tone of her voice, whether his best Arabian was worse, much worse. Constantine could not recover his presence of mind;

and less than ever, when on suddenly turning his head back on the sedent figure whom he had now past, he caught the overpowering glance of two large black eyes, full of tears. He could have rushed to fall at her feet, to remove the odious yashmack that concealed the rest of her features—to kiss the precious drops as they were shed, and shed for him—for it was Veronica! Could he mistake the glance of those eyes?

It was indeed she, and the Armenian maiden loved him; her tears were distilled by love's never-erring proof—by jealousy. Yes, Veronica already loved, and more ardently than the Prince Constantine, and she wept to see him accompanied as he was, whilst she, confined by the narrow, barbarous custom of her people, was condemned to sit by, like a heap of rags, and silently and concealedly watch the effect of

the unveiled charms of those who would for ever exclude her from the affections of her heart's idol !

The torrent of thought and passion that ran through the hearts of both the Greek youth and the Armenian maid, at this rapid, furtive interchange of glances, though long to description or analysis, itself occupied but a moment ; for the report of a fire-arm, a loud cry, and a general rush were heard, and a drunken Janisary, with a pistol in his hand, and his unsheathed yataghan between his teeth, was seen pursuing an Armenian, whom in his inebriety he must have taken for a Greek, for as he ran he continued to foam at the mouth, and to cry, "I am in a humour to kill a Greek—stop, you unclean Ghiaour—you Greek, whose mother I defile, that I may burn your brains, and cut your throat !" (9)

The festive groups that thronged the esplanade were all thrown into alarm by the barbarian; the women screamed and fainted; the men—the unarmed rayahs—had not courage to attempt to stop him, though from the effect of what the fellow had drunk, he reeled as he ran, and fell several times with his length to the ground. Constantine saw this scene with indignation; he was not one, though an oppressed Greek, to whom the exercise of arms was forbidden, while their use was familiar to him as a study and an exercise, to stand by and see a fellow creature massacred by a ruffian. He was releasing himself from the terrified Fanariote ladies, to rush to the assistance of the Armenian, who had by this time approached the spot where he stood, when a voice from her of the tearful eye exclaimed, “Holy virgin! it is my father! the Turk is killing my father!”

That cry would have sent him to the cannon's mouth : he flew after the janissary who had just passed him, and Constantine's hand struck the villain's elbow in time ; for within a couple of yards of his victim, the old Armenian, who was breathless and could no longer exclaim as he had been doing, " I am no Greek, but an Armenian and a seraff, and the friend of all Osmanlis," the furious drunkard was pressing the trigger of his pistol. The weapon went off, but the ball, instead of finding a lodging in the body of the fugitive, merely found a passage through the seraff's huge calpack. The Janissary would have turned with his yataghan on the interferer, but the Prince, who would have been so much his inferior in strength, had the fellow been sober enough to use his, had all the advantages of dexterity and activity, and contrived to throw the drunken brawler on his

back, though in so doing he received a slight flesh wound from the yataghan.

One of the Turks in attendance on Constantine, converted in part by his generosity from the character of a spy on his actions, to that of a really devoted servant to the young Greek, ⁽¹⁰⁾ ran up to the assistance of his master, who, should the Janissary recover his feet, had no arms to oppose to his yataghan, save the diamond-hilted dagger, the ornament of his girdle. Mustapha, as robust a fellow as ever went bare-legged in Stamboul, presently wrenched his arms from the janissary, and as the fellow was secured, the Turkish guard came deliberately to the spot, adhering thus to their constant practice, never to interfere as long as there is any chance of mischief being done, or of their presence being of any kind of use.

The Prince could now look about him. The

doughty Armenian Tinghir-Oglu, whose life he had probably saved, was not there to thank him, for his fears, or the effect of the pistol-ball that had whisked through his calpack, seemed to have made a vacuum before him, and he continued to run on when his foe the Janissary no longer pursued, but lay, very much surprized at all that had happened, among the feet of the bostandjis. (11)

But there was one at hand, whose gratitude was to him more *grateful*---whose single word might out-value the eloquence, the united thanks of the whole Armenian people.

When Veronica uttered that cry of filial alarm and anguish, at which Constantine had thrown himself on the Janissary, she neither fainted like some of her female kindred among whom she was seated, nor rose and ran away in delicate regard to her own safety, like others. She sat

motionless as a rock, and as breathless too, with her arms extended, tense and rigid as if fixed in convulsion, towards her parent. At the dreadful flash, a scream died away on her heart, but found no utterance; her straining eye, with affection's energies, broke the film that was gathering before it, and she could see that her father had not fallen before the Turk's pistol. Yet she had not time to feel or to indulge the filial gratitude that became her, for the same glance informed her it was Constantine Ghika who had rushed to her father's succour, and that he was now engaged in a deadly struggle with an Osmanli. The ice began again to gather round her heart. When, however, she saw the brawny ruffian reel and fall to the ground, and another Turk run, not to assist him, but to secure his arms—when she saw Constantine recomposing the folds of his turban

and his flowing cloak, both sufficiently deranged in the scuffle, she sprang to her feet, and ran to bless him. Heedless of the rude Turkish guard that had now approached, forgetful of the rigid decorum imposed on her as an Armenian female, and an unmarried one, she exclaimed aloud, "My prince! you have saved my father's life; and I am from this hour your devoted slave!"

Constantine turned to the heart thrilling profession of gratitude, for she had approached behind him; the yashmack covered her face, and shrouded its pallour, and its beauty and expression; but a torrent of devotion, admiration, love, and love not to be mistaken, flowed from her large black eyes.

"Lady," said the prince, courteously, and in an under voice, "this is not the place for the indulgence of your feeling—recompose your-

self, I pray !—But you are alone, here, among men ; let me lead you to your friends !”

The Armenian girl mechanically followed the steps of the Greek, who made his way through the guard.

“ Veronica,” added he, in a very different tone, when at a few paces distance ; “ Veronica ! to have been thus able to serve you, to whom I owe so much, for all your kindness to my aged and deserted relative, is indeed happiness ! An angel has guided my steps hitherward to-day. I was dying to see you once again ; to be, at least, again near you, and I have had the fortune.”

“ And you have desired to see me again,” said the fair Armenian, in a voice, which though but a whisper, was penetrating and passionate, “ can I believe it ? you came not here to meet those very handsome Greek ladies ? you have

thought of her you only once saw for a minute."

"As I live and breathe, I have thought of nothing else; and for a pleasure like that of the minute you name, I have ever since been impatient. The last day or two"—

"Listen, Prince! our moments are few—we must not be seen long thus in converse. I feel inclined to believe what, in believing, would make me happy; but *you*, on your part, credit me, that your impatience has been shared—that she who now speaks to you, has thought the moments long since last we met; and had she not been prevented by family circumstances, and the importune presence of a female friend who has never left her until this moment, when there would have been danger in her staying, she would have been at the Princess' before now."

"Family circumstances," and the gossip of

the Armenian women, which had recently given him so much pain, occurred to Constantine, “It is then true, that you are going to be married?”

“I married! God in his mercy forbid! But a cousin of mine *is* about to be married, and I have been busied in preparing our portion of presents on the occasion.”

“Veronica, I thank you—you have made me happy; but tell me—how, when shall we meet again?”

“Alas, alas! I am not allowed to go and to come, to visit and to receive visits, as is the custom with your people. I am a poor Armenian maiden, and subjected to almost the same restrictions as the females of our masters, the Turks; but yet, Prince, with proper caution, we may meet—we *will* meet, if *you* wish it—if you——”

“ If I love you ? doubt it not, my Veronica ! I love, I adore you ; nay, start not, the passion shall bode no ill to you.”

As they conversed, they had walked slowly onward towards the edge of the esplanade ; they had moreover gradually approached nearer to each other, and at this moment they stood by the imperial kiosk, at the very point whence the Bosphorus and its glories burst so felicitously on the eye, and so close were they now to each other, that at the declaration of his passion, the Prince grasped the hand of Veronica.

If he had ever felt the flesh wound he had received from the Janissary's yataghan, he had certainly never been sensible of it, since his rencontre with the fair Armenian ; but as he closed her little and but half retiring hand within his, the blood that had trickled down his arm, was conveyed to her delicate palm, and from the motion he made, several large

drops fell on the wide linen sleeves of her robe. As the red spots met her eye, Veronica trembled, tottered: though near fainting, she recovered herself, gently repelling the Prince—who losing, in the sight of her condition, all consciousness of where he was, and how situated as regarded her—extended his arms to receive her: it was several seconds before she could speak, and then the words came indistinctly and huskily.

“ Prince! you are wounded—and I know not how to assist you.”

“ A trifle---a mere prick from the yataghan’s point ; think not of it,” said Constantine, throwing from him the blood, which now indeed seemed to flow rather copiously. Veronica trembled more than ever, when she saw the large drops fall on the green grass. “ It is no trifle, I fear---I fear you are much hurt—and for my father—for me,—and they come not to your aid !”

“ It is nothing, Veronica ! upon my word, it is

nothing,"—and the Prince again approached her; "but the drops of blood which now flow innocuously from my arm, I would shed from my heart for you—I swear, nay, why again start from me?—by the love I feel, I swear——"

Trembling all over, uttering her scarcely intelligible words with extreme difficulty, and holding up her little white hand, whiter than snow, save where her lover's blood had stained it, the Armenian maiden interrupted him—"Oh do not swear! not now, not now--there was blood on the hand with which you grasped mine, to give me the first assurance of your love—see here, the purple stains! This is not the moment--and oh! I dread that only trouble and sorrow can ensue from a passion commencing under such ill omens as blood—blood!"⁽¹²⁾

The difficulties that must oppose her love, now burst upon her in fulness and horror;

though strong minded, she had not overcome a superstition so general and so powerful all over the East, as that of a belief in omens: the one she had just received was of a fatal character; she gazed on the blood on her little hand, until she sickened at the heart—the scenes she had just witnessed—a father's peril, a lover's wound, had tried her severely, and she had borne up with a courage that few women might equal; but she could no more—the uplifted, stained hand dropped to her side; the large black eyes that had been fixed upon it in speaking terror, slowly closed, and Veronica's delicate form would have fallen to the ground, if the Prince had not caught her in his arms. Still, so strong and intent was the mind that animated her weak, frail body, that she could scarcely be said to have fainted; though but for once, she put her hand to her

yashmack, to prevent Constantine from withdrawing it, which however he did, to give her air; she struggled slightly in his embrace as he pressed her passionately to his heart, and on hearing her name shouted out by her friends, who had at last recovered from their own terrors, and had time to think of her, she by a wonderful effort recovered her strength and her self-possession, and hurrying the yashmack over her face, left the Prince's arms, and walked, though with faltering and uncertain steps, in the direction of the kindred voices.

The esplanade had been thinned by those who had fled at the Janissary's intrusion; it was now cleared by those who followed his arrest, to see in what the business had originated, and in what it would end.

Scarcely any body remained on the pleasant flat, as Veronica, followed at a few paces dis-

tance by the Prince, advanced to meet her father, her aunt, her elder sister, and the old female attendant, or duenna.

“ You are not hurt, my father ?” tenderly inquired the agitated girl.

“ No—not at all, thanks to Heaven !” replied the old pursy seraff, who had not yet recovered the breath he had lost in running away from the Janissary ; “ but where have you been, while we have been looking after you ?”

Veronica could not reply, but the Prince, who felt rather embarrassed as the eyes of the Armenian party glanced suspiciously from him to his companion, and next from her to him, said with a wave of the hand, and a tone that did honour to his Fanariote education—

“ The young lady was left by her companions—she has been here at hand waiting their return, and I have had the pleasure of

protecting her from evil or insult in their absence !”

The seraff put his hand to his forehead, his lips, and his heart, saluting the Prince with due Oriental respect, and then drily inquired,

“ And pray, Chelibi, ⁽¹³⁾ may I ask who you are? I see you are not one of us.”

“ I am Constantine Ghika, son of the hospodar ; but my name and condition are of little consequence here. I am he who lately, *perhaps*, saved your life, and who certainly prevented the Janissary from shooting you,” replied the Prince.

“ And in so doing, my father,” warmly rejoined Veronica, “ was wounded himself—see, he still bleeds !”

The old Armenian, who had never once looked behind, knew not but that it had been St. George or St. Michael in person that had saved

him ; the benefit, however, was of too important a nature, and too recently conferred, to be treated neglectfully, though the benefactor was a schismatic Greek, and wore yellow slippers instead of purple ; he again pressed his head, his mouth, his bosom, and bowing lowly, and touching the earth at Constantine's feet, said,

“ Great Hospodar,” I am your slave all the rest of my days ! all that I have is yours, and I hope the next time you pass by Emenergen-Oglu, you will permit me to give you—a pipe and a cup of coffee !”

At another moment, Constantine might have smiled at the magnificent free offering of the banker, but he was interested in watching the grateful, anxious eyes of Veronica, and was delighted to have an opportunity of passing a quarter of an hour, at least, under the

same roof with her. He modestly protested what he had done scarcely merited so great a reward; and then saying his wound, though a trifle, was becoming troublesome from the quantity of blood that was flowing from it, and required a bandage, he bowed a *congéé* first to the old man, next to the old women, and last to the gentle Veronica, who looked at him supplicatingly, as if imploring him to have a care of himself.

As he walked slowly away, intending merely to get out of sight of the party, to bind his handkerchief round his arm, and then to follow them to the water's edge, he heard one of the female voices say, "A worthy youth, and modest, though a Greek." Another added, "It is to be hoped, however, under favour of the blessed Virgin, that he did not see our Veronica's face!" And Veronica herself, whose

tones were thenceforward to be the music of his soul, closed the remarks that met his ear. “He is good, and he is noble! he has saved my father, and may *heaven bless him as I do!*”

We have all felt the low, melancholy mood of mind that follows moments of extraordinary excitement; and some of us may have experienced that feeling of extreme susceptibility to objects of external beauty, which accompanies the dawning passion of love. Constantine was worked upon by both these influences, and, perhaps, for the first time in his life, as he was on the Bosphorus, he was struck by the sad, holy aspect of the Turkish cemetery on the water's edge, which we have before noticed, and determined to land and muse awhile within it.

The long, sharp prow of his caïk touched the

strand, and he leaped on shore in the romantic garden of death, and ordering the boatmen, who thought him mad, to wait, he retired with that sentiment which, in all solemn matters seems to induce us to seek utter solitude, he fled to the thickest part of the religious wood, and sat himself down by a recently made grave's headstone — an elaborate work, with lofty caouk and folding turban, that denoted the precise rank and condition of him who now lay beneath in death's equality, with intricate arabesques, boldly relieved, and done in gold, and in the deep blue of the lapis lazuli, and with a long inscription running diagonally, and covering the whole slab from the arabesques to the point where the springing green grass from the prolific sod waved round its foot. As common, in the sepulchres of the rich, there was another sculptured stone at the grave's foot, but rather lower than that at the head ;

its only ornaments were a tree—a stately palm, gently relieved and coloured with green and with gold, and a wavy line, like the blade of an angel's sword, or the bolts in the hands of the thunderer, which ran round the edge of the purely white marble. Two lateral slabs, whose breadth attained about one-third of the elevation of the head-stone, and about half that of the foot-stone, united both together; there was no covering slab, as the Turks in their *material* superstition, and by a rescript of the prophet, never lay weight over the shallow soil that covers the dead, lest it should check his rise at the judgment-day,⁽¹⁴⁾ but within the enclosure of the pale marbles, flowers that seemed to have been sedulously cultivated, saluted the eye with melancholy bloom, and the nostril with an odour overpoweringly languid.

“It ought to be pleasant thus to rest,”

reasoned the moody lover; “and thus, in the gloom of eastern cypresses, with the gleam of spotless marbles, and the blush of roses—in silence like this, and with a genial heat, a balmy air like these upon ye—grave! horrid as thou art elsewhere, here thou seemest replete with beauty, and wouldst make one almost in love with thee! ’Tis strange that a scene, sweet, poetical, ethereal like this, should be the work of a gross, sensual, and barbarous people—the disciples of a false code! I would not live the life of a Turk,—I have done so, perhaps, too much already—but, no! I would not envy the life of one wealthier, grander, than he this proud tomb covers; but when all is over, I could look with complacency to a resting-place like this, and prefer the Moslem’s grave to all others. Even now, so beauteous and so holy is this spot, I could al-

most lay down my head on that pillow of green sward which crowns a humbler grave, and unrepiningly resign this troublous spirit. I could almost wish to die, to be buried in a place like this!"⁽¹⁵⁾

Presently, his thoughts flowed in another course, and those who have reflected on the sudden turns of their own mind, and how, from the pure, and the calm, and the soothing, we frequently rush at once to the dark, the irritating, the harrowing, will not be surprised if his abstractions were of a character totally different from those which had immediately preceded them.

In glancing at the back of the head-stone, he saw some but half-effaced traces of the graceful, the never-to-be-mistaken, ancient Greek chisel. He looked closer—he traced the outline of some exquisite female figures, that seemed to have

formed a procession—he traced the emblematic extinguished torch, and the touching type of our immortality, a butterfly rising from its dull chrysalis coil; and he knew that same fair marble had once adorned another tomb than that of the Turkish effendi. But what was there? On one corner of the stone, defaced more carefully than the Pagan symbols, was the Christian cross and the mystic fish;⁽¹²⁾ and in examining these more closely, he observed that they, with the commencing letters of an epitaph, had been cut over part of the more ancient classic work. “And cannot even the solemnity of the grave,” mused the sad humourist, “inspire the virtue of honesty, and respect for the ashes of the dead? What have we here but a repeated sacrilege—a double robbery? The Christian desecrates the Pagan’s tomb—the Turk the Christian’s, and effaces as

equally obnoxious, the work of both, to make room for his own epitaph, which he fondly hopes will be respected and enduring! Who, then, need care where his ashes repose; or flatter himself—unless they be given at once to the elements, through the agency of fire, or cast into the remote and fathomless sea—that his remains will be undisturbed by man! Anon, the Muscovites may be masters of proud Stamboul, and the Turks—the Turks, who have never dug a stone, nor worked in the marble quarry,⁽¹³⁾ since their establishment in the fallen regions of architecture and sculpture, but have mutilated ancient art, and raised their motley structures with the exquisite fragments of my ancestor's skill, may see these cherished tombs (portions of their abused spoil) torn from the grave and the cypress grove, to build stables and barracks for the Ghiaours! Let me be

gone! the beauty of death and the repose of the grave, must be sought for in other objects and connexions than these, which, beauteous and impressive as they are, partake of the nature of every thing on earth, and afford no ‘lasting delight.’”

The young Prince rushed from the cemetery with these feelings of irritation, which might have been soothed, while his amorous heart “was softened to rapture,” by the cooing of the little blue turtle-doves that flitted through the sombre shade of the cypresses, and over the thickly-strewed graves, as if they had been the earth-lingering spirits of those who were there mouldering to dust.

“Panagia,” cried one of the boatmen, as the sensitive Constantine, pale and agitated, stepped into his caïk, in the dusk of evening; “the effendi has seen a ghost!”

“What could he expect to meet in such a place, but Vourvoulackis?”⁽¹⁴⁾ said his comrade.

“It is wicked to tempt the evil one, as he has done, and I should not be surprised to hear that one of those Turks he has been disturbing, has followed him home in the shape of a black dog!”

“What nonsense is that you are talking about Vourvoulackis and black dogs?” inquired Constantine, who was willing enough to escape from melancholy reflexions, which though deep while they last, seldom last very long, in the happily constituted mind of a Greek.

“It is no such *bosh*⁽¹⁵⁾ as you may think,” replied one of the boatmen, crossing himself.

“Why, surely, you have not eaten bread for thirty years, and gained those manly moustachoes, and believe in the tales of the Paramanas?”⁽¹⁶⁾ said the Prince, jestingly.

"I believe in what I have seen with mine own eyes," replied one of the boatmen.

"But you do not mean to say you have ever seen these ghosts and hobgoblins?"

"Aye, many a one!" affirmed the palikari.

"When you were drunk, perhaps?" said Constantine; "the spirits were those of the departed okkas of crassi, that had gone the *way of all wine*, down your unconscionable throat."

"I believe what I have seen, and what I have heard from men of truth," said the other boatman; "and only the other day, I had such a story from my cousin, a pilot on board the captain pasha's ship!"

"Did it happen to himself?" inquired Constantine.

"No, I cannot say it did, but he got the tale first-hand from a donkey-driver at Smyrna

—it had just happened, and was in every one's mouth.”

“ A donkey-driver at Smyrna is good authority for a ghost at Constantinople ; “ but, come, my lad, tell us your cousin's tale,” cried the Prince.

“ It was thus,” said the boatman, again crossing himself ere he begun. But we must give this supernatural episode the honour of another chapter, and beg the reader to remember, in aid to its effect, that it was told in a still, dark evening, between the shading banks of the Bosphorus, and with great earnestness of expression, by the Greek, whose voice quivered and faltered at the horrid points of his narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.

“You know Smyrna — every body knows Smyrna ; it is such a place for figs !”

The Prince nodded a recognition of the great eastern emporium, and the boatman went on.

“But perhaps you never heard talk of a little place, very near Smyrna, called Boodjà, which my cousin, the pilot, describes as a pleasant enough village, frequented by the Franks and others, during the summer, when people

can't live at Smyrna. Well, at this village there lived a certain Palikari,⁽¹⁾ called Costi, an honest lad and sober. He had lately taken a young wife, and inherited four strong asses, which he let out to the dwellers in the village, who perhaps do not know how to ride horses. He gained a comfortable living this way, for himself and spouse. To be sure, he had to work very hard, running with his donkeys from Boodjà to Smyrna, from Smyrna back to Boodjà, I know not how many times a day, and this, too, along a sultry, exposed road.

“ But what of that? it was an honest and genteel livelihood, for Costi in this manner might be said to keep the very best society in the village; and the great Frank merchants would gossip with him as he ran by their sides, occasionally crying out, *oxè, oxè*,⁽²⁾ a magical word that always makes the donkeys go right,

and, what was better still for Costì, they would often pay him double fare.

“ Well, one summer evening, Costì was in the Frank town, with two of his asses, waiting for a very great Ingliz,⁽³⁾ who was to return with him to Boodjà. It grew very late, but the donkey driver had to peep still longer through the iron-bound doors of the merchant’s counting-house, where the principal and three familiar spirits sat scribbling with all their might, in the vain hope that his freight, the merchant, would finish and take his departure. Still they sat scribbling, scribbling on, as if the world was nothing but one wide sheet of paper. Costì grew impatient, and so perhaps did his donkeys, for they began to bray in the yard. Their voices made the merchant think of his wife. He called Costì, and having written on a scrap of paper, that the good ship ‘ Mary’

had come in from London, and so he could not go out to his wife Mary at Boodjà, or something of that sort, and giving this to Costì, he told him to make the best of his way home.

“As the donkey-driver was going along the street of the Dung-hills, where my cousin tells me most of the handsome Frank coconas live, he met a friend.⁽⁴⁾

“‘How late you are to-night, Costì! late and all alone! Jannem,⁽⁵⁾ I hope you won’t meet a ghost!’ said this friend.”

“And then,” said Constantine, interrupting the boatman, “Costì left his donkeys in the street, and went into the first caffè, and drank half an okka of raki, to make himself ghost-proof.”

“Not a drop,” replied the boatman; “the man was as sober as the beasts he was driving. But you put me out—where was I? Oh, in

Dunghill-street. Well, on giving the ‘Good night’ to his friend, Costì did feel a little queer; but the moon shone bright and cheerfully, and he went on whistling and talking to a dappled donkey, that trotted on by itself a few paces a-head the one he rode on. In this way, he came to the Turkish burying-grounds at the edge of the town; they stood on each side of the way, and the shade of their lofty cypresses fell upon the paved road. Presently the foremost donkey began capering and snorting, as if the devil or the nose-flies were in him ⁽⁶⁾ ‘Oχè! oχè!’ cried Costì; but still the ass capered and snorted; he thought of a certainty the beast was bewitched, but coming out into the broad moonlight, he saw the cause of the creature’s caprices. It was a little black dog.

“Now, as dogs without masters are just as

common at Smyrna as at Stamboul, there would have been nothing extraordinary in seeing one where Costi did ; but oh, sir ! this little black dog was such a dog as had never been seen before—he did not walk like other curs, by putting one foot before the other, but sailed along as it were, between earth and air, close to the ground, but without touching it with his feet ; and then he did not go straight on, but saw-sawed across the road—now disappearing among the white Turkish tomb-stones on this side of the way, now among those on that side, and then, Panagia ! there was such a smell of sulphur, and every minute or so, a little blue flame spouted out of his nose, or played round the tip of his tail—a very small flame, not much more than the fire-fly's, but it was awful to behold ; and even the poor dappled donkey felt this little black dog was no fit companion.

“ Costì said his prayers, and then shouted to drive the dog away ; but little blacky, seeing across the road as before, kept a little in advance of the foremost ass, that still jumped and frisked as if he had been dancing the Romaïca with the dog.

“ A little beyond these burying-grounds, there runs a stream, ⁽⁷⁾ crossed by a stone bridge, called the Bridge of the Caravans. At the end of the bridge, towards the town, there is a Turkish guard-house and a caffè. Costì, as he approached it, saw some Zebecks ⁽⁸⁾ smoking their chibooks, and, as his knees were now knocking against the donkey’s sides with fear, he almost felt disposed to stop, and ask their assistance to rid him of the little black dog ; but as he came up to them, the surly voice of one, who, from within the cabin, inquired what was passing at that hour, and the still gruffer voice of

another from the outside, who replied that it was only two asses, a Greek, and another dog, deterred him, and he crossed the bridge without stopping or saying a word."

"But did not the Zebecks see the phenomenon of a dog breathing blue flames, and carrying fire on his tail?" asked Constantine.

"My cousin does not say that they did," replied the boatman; "the little black dog might have put his tail between his legs, as he passed the guard-house—but pray do not put me out.

"Well, on the other side of the stream, there is another Turkish cemetery, the largest at Smyrna, and covered with cypresses twice as high, and twice as black, as those in our burying-grounds at Pera or Scutari. Costi's road—a narrow lane, with turbaned pillars and new made graves on each side of it, lay through this cemetery—and then it was so dark!—those

thickly-set trees retained such a depth of gloom, that the benighted donkey-driver could hardly see any thing, save the white marble tomb-stones gleaming in long array, that appeared to have no end.

“At the edge of this forest of the dead, the little black dog disappeared. Costì thought he was quit of him; but as he rode through the dismal avenue, he heard a strange moaning to his right, and looking through the boles of the cypresses, he again saw the quivering blue flame—and something more awful still!”

“What! something worse than the black dog and the blue light?” interrupted Constantine.

“Of a certainty!” continued the boatman, “Costì saw a tall ghastly figure rising from a grave with an emir’s turban round his head!”

“Are you sure it was not a tall tomb-stone?” inquired the Prince.

“Rising from a grave,” resumed the boatman, without attending to his scepticism, “and uttering dreadful groans!

“Costì almost lost his wits, as well he might, and in terror he urged on his donkeys, that trembled almost as much as he did himself.

“He was a happy man when he got out of the dark lane, and could see the open country, and the splendid kiosks and gardens of the great Suleiman-Aghà,⁽⁹⁾ and the placid hills, and the broad bright moon; but, alas! he had not gone many steps, when the dappled donkey again began to caper and snort, and Costì smelt sulphur, and saw the little black dog again before him, gliding as if he did not touch the ground, and see-sawing across his road-as before. Though the donkey-driver’s tongue al-

most clove to the roof of his mouth, he contrived again to shout, but the black dog again disregarded his shouts, and kept sailing on over the moon-light path. Costì called on the Pagnagia, and every saint he could remember, and when that was over, he talked to his donkeys, to keep his spirits up. When they came to a rough ascending lane, running between beautiful olive groves, Costì had gained so much courage and resolution, that he descended from his ass to pelt away his ill-savoured fellow traveller, with stones, of which there was no scarcity in the lane. His stones had no more effect than his voice. He flung one after another, small and large; but though to his eye they seemed to hit him, or to pass through him, the little black dog took no heed of them, but glided on without bark or yelp, sporting the blue light at the tip of his tail, just as before.

Costi, growing desperate, ran after him to kick him. He kicked, but though he was only a span's length from him when he raised his foot to kick, before the blow descended, the little black dog was seen see-sawing across the lane fifty paces distant, and Costi only struck the root of an olive tree, which nearly broke his toes. *Kaïmena!*⁽¹⁰⁾ but how he did tremble then! he could hardly remount his donkey, and when he did, he wished the *Ingliz*, with all his bales, at the bottom of the Gulf of Smyrna, for having made him stay so late. He pressed on his asses to a full trot. The little black dog glided faster and faster, and was always a few yards in advance of him. At the head of a beautiful valley, that the Christians of Smyrna call the Valley of St. Anne, Costi had to pass the frowning ruins of an ancient aqueduct, which was known to be the resort of

Vourvoulackis, and all sorts of evil spirits. He flattered himself that the little black dog would here find more congenial society, and leave off persecuting an innocent Christian like himself; and sure enough, within the shade of the ruins, he disappeared. Costì pricked his donkey with his short, pointed stick,⁽¹¹⁾ but as he trotted on, over the uneven ground beyond the ruins, there came a rush of such awful sounds, from the arches and hollows of the old aqueduct, that his blood ran cold, and on looking before him, he saw, at his usual distance, the little black dog. O! how the poor fellow wished for some holy man to scare away this nothing less than devil. He would have given his asses, his only wealth, to have a companion with him; and he even felt some relief from the sight of a group of camels that were tranquilly reposing on the hill side, and in the fair moon light, close by their burdens and their sleeping drivers.⁽¹²⁾

“ The plain of Boodjà was now before him, and he was somewhat cheered by the sight of his village home. He cantered across the flat, with the dappled donkey capering and snorting, and the little black dog gliding and see-sawing before him. The latter, however, when he reached the edge of the village, again disappeared ; and Costi, now thinking he was entirely free from him, proceeded rejoicing to the house of the Ingliz, where he delivered his letter, and said nothing about what had happened to him. But, *kaïmena* ! judge of his condition, when, on reaching his own cottage, he saw a blue light gleaming from the shade of its portal ! Was he there again ?—could it be possible ?—Aye, sure enough there he was—the little black dog that had come all the way from Smyrna with him.

“ Spirits persecute the solitary ; and to complete Costi’s misfortunes, his wife had gone to

visit her mother at a village not far off, called Sedi-Keui. What was to be done? His friends, the Greek peasants of the village, had all been long since buried in sleep: not to be quite alone, he would have taken his favourite dapple into his hovel with him, but he was ashamed of that; and the donkey, who had no taste for a change of lodging, had marched off with his companion to his wonted shed. Costi knew from experience, that it was no use trying to drive away the pertinacious dog, so he went and gave his asses their supper. When he returned, he found the little black dog where he had left him. He thought it as well to be courteous, and said, though his voice trembled, ‘ha! ha! my little friend, you are still here, are you; you are determined we shall not part company over soon?’

“The little black dog wagged his sparkling

tail, and flames, like moustachoes of fire, came from his nostrils.

“ ‘But curse me if you shall come into my house,’ said Costi—and opening the door but very little, and occupying, as he thought, all the space, he squeezed himself in, and banged to the door (he was sure of that!) in the intruder’s face. But he did no such thing, for the first object he saw within the room, was the black dog and his blue light.

“ Poor Costi’s misfortunes were every way complete—the only holy article of his household that might have been efficacious to expel the obstinate spirit, his wife had carried with her to protect her on her journey.—Perhaps, however, a light might do?

“ He lit his lamp, but its flame burned as blue as the nose and the tail of the dog, who now lay crouching and fixed on the wooden floor.

Costì took no supper that night; and he had not a single glass of raki in his cupboard to create courage or sleep. But tired at length with watching his black and silent guest, and worn out by the labours of the day, he threw himself on his bed, and, after long and fervent prayers, and many vain attempts, at last fell fast asleep."

"What a fool! Of course he never woke again—a vampire fixed upon him, and sucked his life's blood!" said Constantine, tauntingly.

"You are wrong again!" hastily resumed the boatman; "Costì did wake again, as the light of the risen sun shone through his lattice; but what do you think he saw, ha!—why instead of the little black dog, the corpse of a tall, stout Turk stretched on the floor, just where the dog had been lying!"

"Whew!" cried the Prince, "this is a ghost

story with a vengeance; but it would require even more force of persuasion than was possessed by the Mahometan doctor, Abou-Halife, ⁽¹³⁾ who could prove a column of wood to be a column of gold, to make me believe it. But go on—what did your donkey-driver do with this dead Turk? Did he chop him into kibaubs?"

"When Costi saw and felt the unwieldly carcase, he trembled all over like the curds of caimak, ⁽¹⁴⁾ and he did not know what to do with it. Should the Osmanli be found there, he knew his own head would speedily be between his legs: ⁽¹⁵⁾ and so, half dead with fear, he tottered off to a papas in the village, to tell his deplorable case, and seek advice.

"This priest was a man of vast ability, and thus he reasoned with Costi.

"To remove this dead Turk, more espe-

cially as he is so tall and so fat, would be a work of great labour, and you might be seen; but wait till night—when darkness falls upon the earth, the dead body will return to the shape of the little black dog, and then I will do his business and send him back whence he came.’

“ Things turned out just as he had said, and the papas was as good as his word. When he went into the room with Costì, he saw indeed, no dead Turk, but a very lively black dog, whisking round and round, and never resting. He began his prayers, he produced his relics—the little black dog whirled faster and faster, and presently darted out of the open door. Costì and the papas ran out of the house to watch his retreat—they saw a pale blue light the very next minute, playing along the distant ruined walls of Smyrna Castle: it was

the tail of the little black dog, which the donkey-driver never saw again: so my story ends."

" 'Tis a pity it is not longer," said Constantine, " but we have arrived in the Golden Horn—put me ashore, and good night, without Vourvoulackis be with you."

CHAPTER IX.

IN the turbulent days of the Janissaries, a scene of violence like that described in our last chapter but one, was by no means of rare occurrence, and a day of festivity among the Christian rayah subjects of the empire, would often end still more tragically, in the murder of defenceless individuals, guilty of no provocation, unless the sight of their enjoyments might be construed as such by the Turks. It was part of the system combined by the astucious Halet-

Effendi, and so unrelentingly pursued by Sultan Mahmood, to throw temptations in the way of the sons of Hadji-Bektash, to induce them into violent transgressions, that there might be an apparent and justifiable motive for the frequent executions that took place among the Janissaries, and that were slowly preparing, simultaneously with other and deep-laid plots, the final suppression of that now mock military association, which, like the Prætorian band of the falling empire of the West, was despicable to the enemy, and formidable only to the sovereign and the peaceful subject. (1)

All the means resorted to are not known; but it is a well ascertained fact, that from the beginning of Mahmood's reign, or at least shortly after the tremendous Janissary revolt, in which Mustapha Bairactar, the friend of the deceased Sultan Selim, and of European tactics, fell

under their rage, the more bold and desperate portion of the Odas,⁽²⁾ or such of them as could not be gained over to the views of government, or whom it was considered unsafe to trust, were subject to a mysterious but gradual mortality. From the castle on its banks, the Bosphorus received them; and its waves, a rapidly moving grave, kept the secret of their death, and wafted them to a remote shore. Their bodies would be seen through the transparent waters, shooting by the Seraglio point, and moving trunk and limb, as the current propelled, as though life were not extinct; across Marmora's wide basin, the fisherman or the peasant might watch their bleached and swollen corpses, as cast on the melancholy shore of Selymnia or Rodosto, the birds of the air whirled clamourously to devour what the finny race had spared; and farther still, and through

the straits of Helle, and distant as the Ægean, where it developes itself, ocean-like, by Troy, and Tenedos, Lemnos, and Mount Athos, the returning mariner would sometimes count the floating bodies, and reverting his eyes, exclaim, “ Mashallah ! but there is wrath at Stamboul.”

Even in Turkey, however, it was necessary to throw a veil over such wholesale murder, and it was with consummate art, with a cunning all but devilish, that this was done, and that the stupid Janissaries were kept in security, as the glaive of the Sultan lopped off the most ardent, the strongest of their body ; nor did the sons of Hadji-Bektash ⁽³⁾ arouse themselves, until, like the Hebrew champion in the lap of Delilah, their lock of strength was shorn, and their arms bound.

Constantine Ghika, though from his elevated and perilous condition in the Ottoman empire,

he could not but observe all that was passing and preparing, was so occupied with other and newer and more agreeable objects of reflection, that he perhaps never would have once thought even of the Janissary who had so lately wounded him, had it not pleased Mustapha to relate the story of the curious affray.

The fellow, it appeared, had been drinking in a Greek cantiné, or wine-shop, at the upper part of the village of Arnaut-Keui, until, as a matter of course, he was drunk. The prophet's prohibition is entire; in the pages of the Koran no distinction is made as to quantity, a glass is as a bottle, a bottle as a butt; and with this conviction, the Turks⁽⁴⁾ when they once begin to drink the forbidden draught, never stop until they can swallow no more, or can get no more to swallow. The Greek, seeing his customer in that *dangerous* state, and knowing

perhaps that he would never pay a para for all the okkas in which he had been wetting his mustachoes, refused to draw him any more wine, and ran away with the rakié bottles. The eastern boniface was too slow in his retreat; the Janissary's pistol ball caught him before he could turn into another room, and broke his arm; and the hero, finding his courage up, fancied he had a taste to kill a Greek, and rushed into the path that led to the kiosk, with that laudable intent. Unlike the other conquered subjects of the Turks, who, in their estimation, presently reposed into tranquil, degraded rayahs, unobnoxious to apprehension or hate, the Greeks continued to be as vigorously and as actively detested after the lapse of four hundred years, as on the day when they opposed their treble walls, the resources of their ingenuity, and their confined and dying, but bril-

liant valour, to Mahomet the Second. This hatred, which had never known a truce in the Osmanlis' hearts, had moreover been increased tenfold by the occurrences in Greece; and in the license afforded them by the excitement of the Hellenic revolution, and sanctified by the revenge the blood of their foiled and beaten brethren in the Morea, called for. The Turks, ever since 1821, had been wont, in different parts of the empire, to massacre the Greeks in mass or in detail.⁽⁵⁾ In pursuing a Greek, therefore, nothing would have been very extraordinary, but it *did* seem strange, that a Janissary should want to burn the brains, and cut the throat of an Armenian—a quiet seraff, a friendly camel, who might have the affiliating mark of his own orta⁽⁶⁾ on his brawny arm. The explanation was—the man of the spoon⁽⁷⁾ was too far gone in his cups, to retain

a very lively distinction of person. On rushing from the wine-house, Tinghir-Oglu was waddling up the path before him, and, without seeing that his boots and slippers were purple, and that the crown of his calpack had no aperture in it, ⁽⁸⁾ he determined he was a Greek, and in a bellowing voice invited him to stop and undergo the disagreeable operations alluded to. The affrighted Armenian took to his heels, and the staggering drunkard took after him, quite incapable of the comprehension of the words addressed to him, but persuaded he was going to immolate a Greek ghiaour.

The tragi-comedy, or the admixture of farce and tragedy, which characterizes nearly all mortal events in the East, prevailed admirably throughout the present adventure.

The next morning at an early hour, as our restless hero was repairing by water to the

Princess', the fatal cannon of Roumeli-hissar boomed along the narrow and silent banks of the Bosphorus, and shortly after, one of his boatmen's oar struck the submerged headless trunk of the burly Janissary, who was already on his submarine journey to the shores of the Propontis or the Dardanelles. Yes! there he went, the minnows' sport! he, who on the yesterday, had not his brain been reeling with the fumes of that wine his prophet cursed, might have annihilated in his robust grasp the elegant stripling, whose keel was now gliding over him! It was not consonant, indeed, with the general practice of Mahometan law, as administered in Turkey, to punish thus severely a mere brawl; and in innumerable instances, even when the Osmanli offender committed murder, the blood of the Christian, or the Jewish rayah, sunk into the earth unatoned. But in

the present case, the delinquent's being a Janissary, and a desperate one, sealed his doom, even without other considerations; and the Tinghir-Oglus, then high in favour at the Porte, would probably have easily obtained ample, if not so sanguinary satisfaction, had the assailant been in a different condition, and still a Turk.

The drunken Janissary is disposed of; but the assaulted, wounded Greek of the cantine remains, and his case, with the doom of his foe, are deserving of record as specimens of Turkish reasoning. The same guard that so deliberately secured the Janissary, arrested afterwards the wine-vender, from the mysterious recesses of whose shop the perilous thunderbolt had burst, and they were both carried off to the Mehkiémé, or court of justice, together. For the Janissary, who, as Musselman, had pre-

cedence of the ghiaour, the Mollah having already arranged the whole business on the report of witnesses he had heard apart, merely made a sign with his eyes to the door of the hall, where stood a few grim fellows from the Gehenna⁽⁹⁾ of the Bosphorus, the Roumeli-hissar in which the Sultan was sacrificing the lives of his subjects to *his* idôl "reform," as the Jews had sacrificed their children in the valley to Moloch,—“horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice, and parents’ tears.” Another sign—an horizontal motion of the hand—a gentle pantomime to denote the yataghan’s application to the neck—a waive scarcely perceptible, told the fate of the peccant son of Hadji-Bektash, and the ruffians rushed forward and carried off their prey to the castle, as so many famished dogs of Stamboul would have dragged away with united effort

and glee, an abandoned carcase to their holes in the hill side, or their favourite retreat, the great Turkish burying-grounds. ⁽¹⁰⁾

In thus condemning a fellow creature to the pangs of death, and the dread chances of eternity, not a muscle of the Turkish judge's impassible face relaxed ; not a thrill—not the slightest tremor of feature or limb, betrayed emotion : had that waive of the hand been employed to kill a musquito, a gnat, his indifference could not be more perfect. He took three long whiffs of his chibook ere he turned to the Greek, who, but too well acquainted with the horrid meaning of the sign he had given, stood motionless before him, his eyes bent on the ground, on which fell the cold sweat in large drops from his brow ; his broken arm, its pain now all unfelt, hanging down by his side, and his whole person rigid and frozen.

“And as to you, you unbelieving son of a dirty mother, who, not content with selling those accursed draughts that defile the soul and stupify the wit,” (he took another whiff at his chibook,) “to your own infidel race, must be dealing out to the Osmanlis and the children of the Prophet, the same maddening poison—you deserve to be made crows’ meat of; but we are even more merciful than we are just—the Naïb will deal with you.”

After uttering this unusually long oration, the Mollah stroked his beard, drew his heels closer under his hams, and resumed his smoking, whilst the Naïb, or clerk, who had just entered the hall with his ears full of the favourable testimonials of the Greek’s character, and, what was infinitely of more avail to the prisoner, with his purse well lined with the rubiehs of his relations without, sat himself on

the seat of judgment, and decided the case thus—with a perspicuity worthy of Solomon, the Israelite king, or Solyman Kanuni, the great Turkish lawgiver and sultan :—

“For having admitted a Moslem within his tavern, and giving him the forbidden wine, the Greek incurred the bastinado and a heavy fine. Having once admitted the Janissary and given him wine, he was wrong in refusing him more ; for if he had produced the additional okkas demanded, would not the Janissary have drunk them—would he not then have been so *drunk*, as to be unable to move? Certainly! the fellow would have fallen asleep in the cantiné—might have broken his neck over the precipice going home—and the calpack of the Armenian seraff would have remained unperforated by his bullet, the religious feelings of the Osmanlis unwounded by the scandalous exposure of a

brother's weakness ! Indeed, the second offence was worse than the first, and deserved more fine, and more bastinado ; but as there was a species of compensation in the pistol-shot received from the Janissary, *that* should be set off in the Greek's account—the soles of his feet (they already glowed and tingled by anticipation) should be spared, if he would pay for the sticks that would have been employed in beating them to a mummy ; and this sum, added to a double fine, would make just “one thousand piastres,” not a para more or less.

When the unfortunate dealer in crassi ⁽¹¹⁾ overcame his fear for his life and his heels, he could feel an anxiety for his purse ; but it was all in vain he protested (what was perfectly true) that he could not expel an armed Turk who chose to enter his shop, and (what, perhaps, was not quite so correct) that he had not

a thousand piastres in the world—(a principal portion of which was avowedly imposed as a fine for not making the said Turk as drunk as a beast !)

The Naïb knew his business and his customers. It grieved him, he said, to see so little conscience in the world ! Here he was dealing out the humane pain of mulct, for an offence which many interpretations of the Koran would justify him in punishing with death ! but he begged them to recollect that the ear of the oracle of the law was not to be occupied by idle remonstrances—and without fee. He should really be obliged to add a mahmoodier for every moment they remained in court, to the sum specified.⁽¹²⁾

The poor Greek paid five hundred piastres forthwith ; the primates were responsible that the rest should be paid on the morrow. The

rayahs left the court muttering, "Well, we have got out of the lion's den not so badly, after all;" whilst the starch Mollah, as he eyed the tinsel-looking money, exclaimed, "Mashallah! God is great!" and the little Naïb, tucking up his jubbee to go out in search of other victims, added as he went, "Inshallah! if God chooses!"

NOTES

CHAPTER I

Note 1, Page 7.

Chalcedonia

New called Cadi-keni. It scarcely retains any name to denote its ancient importance; but it is a beautiful village, particularly as seen from the great cemetery of

Note 2, Page 8.

Apollonia of Viterbo

These ancient structures still carry water to Constantinople and, striding from one hill to the other, with the blue sky seen through their niches are very picturesque.

Note 3, Page 9.

It is a Turkish coin. Paved money.

N O T E S.

CHAPTER I.

Note 1, Page 7.

Chalcedonia.

Now called Cadi-keui. It scarcely retains any thing to denote its ancient importance; but it is a beautiful village, particularly as seen from the great cemetery of Scutari.

Note 2, Page 8.

Aqueducts of Valens.

These ancient structures still carry water to Constantinople, and, striding from one hill to the other, with the blue sky seen through their arches, are very picturesque objects.

Note 3, Page 22.

Rubieh, a Turkish coin. *Paradis*, money.

Note 4, Page 24.

Child of the foregoing.

The Turkish women are very fond of decorating the skull-caps of their children with glittering coins. The alloy of the Sultan's coinage is notorious.

Note 5, Page 25.

The Jew's degraded Castilian.

At Constantinople, at Smyrna, and indeed all over the Levant, the Jews speak a corrupted Spanish. This circumstance, with that of their preserving many Spanish customs, and their giving to their municipal officers the name of "Corregidors," sufficiently prove their descent from "*ces malheureux Israélites, qu' une politique aussi absurde que barbare chassa de l'Espagne au commencement du 16^e siècle.*"

Note 6, Page 25.

Any body's joke.

In spite of their misery, I generally found the Jews rather cheerful. That misery or poverty is indeed great among the mass of them, and there is nothing so vile but they will perform it for money. I have been told that the new *lulabs*, or pipe-bowls, are first of all smoked by the Jews, to take off the raw, clayey taste—one proof to what they will not submit to obtain their end, or to make a *parà*!

Note 7, Page 32.

Kaïemena!

A Greek exclamation used on almost every striking occasion, but most touching when pronounced by their women in a tone of compassion and sympathy.

Note 8, Page 37.

Life or faith.

The Turkish law on this head is sufficiently known. The Christian caught with a Mahometan woman may preserve his life by apostacy, but nothing can save the frail fair one from the sack and the sea !

Note 9, Page 37.

Messler, or mestler.

The Morocco *bottines* without a sole; *papooshes*, the slippers into which the mestler are thrust.

CHAPTER II.

Note 1, Page 42.

In manners a brute.

Leontius Pilatus, whom Gibbon thus describes :—" In the year 1360, a disciple of Barlaam, whose name was Leo, or Leontius Pilatus, was detained in his way to Avignon, by the advice and hospitality of Boccace, who lodged the stranger in his house, prevailed on the republic of Florence to allow him an annual stipend, and devoted his leisure to the first Greek professor, who taught that language in the western countries of Europe. The appearance of Leo might disgust the most eager disciple; he was clothed in the mantle of a philosopher, or a mendicant; his countenance was hideous; his face was overshadowed with black hair; his beard long and uncombed; his deportment rustic; his temper gloomy and

inconstant; nor could he grace his discourse with the ornaments, or even the perspicuity of Latin elocution.

“But his mind was stored with a treasure of Greek learning; history and fable, philosophy and grammar, were alike at his command; and he read the poems of Homer in the schools of Florence. It was from his explanation that Boccace composed and transcribed a literal prose version of the Iliad and Odyssey, which satisfied the thirst of his friend Petrarch; and which, perhaps, in the succeeding century, was clandestinely used by Laurentius Valla, the Latin interpreter. It was from his narratives that the same Boccace collected the materials for his treatise on the Genealogy of the Heathen Gods; a work, in that age, of stupendous erudition, and which he ostentatiously sprinkled with Greek characters and passages, to excite the wonder and applause of his more ignorant readers.”—*Decline and Fall*, chap. lxvi.

The historian of Rome furnishes the three following passages, in which the extent of our obligations to the Greeks, and to the little Italian republics, is briefly and most eloquently explained.

“The journeys of three emperors were unavailing for their temporal, or perhaps their spiritual salvation; but they were productive of a beneficial consequence, the revival of the Greek learning in Italy, from whence it was propagated to the last nations of the west and north. In their lowest servitude and depression, the subjects of the Byzantine throne were still possessed of a golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity; of a musical and prolific language, that gives a soul to the objects of

sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy!"—*Chap. lvi.*

"In the resurrection of science, Italy was the first that cast away her shroud; and the eloquent Petrarch, by his lessons and his example, may justly be applauded as the first harbinger of day. A purer style of composition, a more generous and rational strain of sentiment, flowed from the study and imitation of the writers of ancient Rome; and the disciples of Cicero and Virgil approached, with reverence and love, the sanctuary of their Grecian masters."—*Id.*

"The arms of the Turks undoubtedly pressed the flight of the Muses; yet we may tremble at the thought, that Greece might have been overwhelmed, with her schools and libraries, before Europe had emerged from the deluge of barbarism; and the seeds of science might have been scattered by the winds, before the Italian soil was prepared for their cultivation."—*Id.*

Note 2, Page 45.

Capitation tax.

After one of the revolts in the Morea, it was coolly argued in the divan of Constantinople, whether the best way of pacifying those provinces, would not be to kill all the Greeks. A financial remark probably saved them. "If we cut their throats," said an Effendi, "pray, who will pay us the kharatch?"

Note 3, Page 45.

Sacred bones.

According to some Eastern authors, Mahomet wrote the first divine revelations he received, on some broad,

dried bones; nor has a vulgar tradition been afraid to add, that the bones—were the bones of an ass. A prettier tradition, and which is more likely to be true, says that the verses of the Koran were written by his disciples on leaves of the palm-tree, which were thrown without order into a coffer. It was not till after the death of Mahomet, that the whole was united into a volume; but a confusion of arrangement, which has never been entirely corrected, was inevitable. “Le desordre est tel que le dernier chapitre que Mahomet ait fait descendre du ciel est le neuvième du recueil arrangé par Aboubècre; et que les premiers versets qui ont’ été révélés au prophète se trouvent en tête du chapitre quatre-vingt-seizième. Ce bouleversement a jetté dans le Coran une confusion qui souvent en a obscurci le mérite.”—*Garcin de Tassy*.

Note 4, Page 48.

Its gloomy crumbling walls, and its turret without a bell.

The Greeks are not allowed bells to their places of worship. The cathedral church of the Fanar is really such as I have described it.

Note 5, Page 49.

The yellow slippers.

None but Turks and a few Christian rayah subjects, promoted by the Porte, or attached, as drogomans, to foreign ambassadors, dare strut in yellow morocco.

Note 6, Page 51.

The dark room at the Porte.

A friend at Constantinople often described to me as a dark, narrow, wretched room, the place where the Greek drogoman used to stay in attendance the whole day

through. This was in the building destroyed by the Janissaries in 1826. In the present palace of the Porte, the drogoman seems better lodged, but he is now a Turk. "When the Greeks were turned out of this important office, it was resolved that none but an Osmanli should fill it for the future. Now, as Turks never learn languages, except here and there, by necessity, a little Romaic, a great difficulty presented itself. The present sage, who can just understand and stammer a little French, was at length discovered, and he is only half a Turk, the son of a Jew, who turned renegado after his birth."—*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 51.

Belik.

Turkish for a large ship.

Note 8, Page 52.

The Russian Autocrat.

Wallachia submitted to the force of the Ottoman arms in 1418, under the reign of Mahomet I.

"After weakening all his enemies in Asia, Mahomet assembles all his European and Asiatic forces, and departs from Brusa to Adrianople. From thence he marches against the Wallachians, routes their army, lays waste great part of the province, takes Severin, where is a bridge said to be built by Trajan, and the castles *Sacke* and *Cale*, situate on the other side of the Danube, and fortifies Girgiow with new works and a good garrison, so that the Wallachians could not any more pass the Danube. Pent up in this manner, and pressed by the sword of the enemy and the want of warlike stores, des-

pairing also to preserve their liberty, they purchase their safety with an annual tribute, for the performance whereof the sons of the prince and three great men are given to the Sultan in hostage."—*Cantemir*. Hist. Ott. book 2. ch. 3.

Moldavia voluntarily surrendered its liberties to Soliman I. in the year 1529.

"Whilst Soliman, after taking the city (Buda) staid in the neighbourhood some days to refresh his army, Teutuk Lagotheta is sent in embassy to Bogdan, prince of Moldavia, to the Turkish camp. Having obtained an audience, he declares his mission from the Moldavian prince and people, to offer the Sultan both Moldavias upon honourable terms, particularly that their religion should be preserved entire, and the country be subject as a fief to the empire. Nothing could be more grateful to Soliman, whose more weighty affairs hindered him from turning his arms that way, while the defeats received from the Moldavians obliged him always to have an eye to their motions. Wherefore, readily accepting the offered terms, he confirms them with his own hands, and delivers the Moldavian envoy the instruments to be carried to his prince."—*Cantemir*. book 3. ch. 4.

The treaties with the principalities, were observed in their usual manner by the Turks—(I confess, I do not understand how they ever acquired their reputation for good faith!) The privileges accorded to the Christian states were all infringed; the tribute, arbitrarily, and beyond endurance, increased; and at last, after many acts of cruelty, the government taken from the native Boyars, and given to the Greeks of the Fanar.

Nicholas Mavrocordato (from whom the Greek patriot of our days, Alexander Mavrocordato, is said to descend in a direct line,) was "the first Fanariote Greek who (in 1731) set out from the shores of the Bosphorus, to take possession of a principality beyond the Danube."—The first to set a fatal example of ambition, which has been but too eagerly followed!

The reign of these princes, or Hospodars, was always brief, and generally terminated in the mode described in the text; but *they* were not the only sufferers, for every change entailed fresh oppression and misery on the unfortunate Moldavians and Wallachians. Articles calculated to strengthen the Greek princes, and to diminish the evils suffered by the hapless population, were inserted in the treaty of Kaïnardje, when the Russians, in 1774, restored the principalities, which they had occupied, to the Turks; but they were not observed by the Porte, nor could Russia at every moment insist on their observance. An additional treaty made in 1779, and an article insisting that the Turks should "*observer et executer religieusement tout ce qui a été stipulé en faveur des deux provinces de Valachie et de Moldavie,*" which formed part of the arrangements between Russia and the Porte in 1792, were equally disregarded by the Turks. The Hospodars were changed as often as ever. At the treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, Russia stipulated that the Hospodars should remain at least seven years in office; and since that time the agents of the Hospodars, at the Porte, have considered themselves as under the protection of the Russian legation at Constantinople, and their persons inviolate.

Note 9, Page 55.

At least he died Prince of Wallachia.

"In the families of a few Greek princes at Zerapia, I found much to interest me in the affectionate harmony and simplicity of manners in their domestic circles; much to bewail in the ignorance in which their children were educated; and I sincerely lamented the greedy thirst of place which appeared totally to absorb all their ideas. "*Mon frère étoit le prince de la Valachie,*" said old Caugierli, more than once to me, "*mais on lui a coupé la tête.*" Yet this man, with his three sons, was assiduously engaged in intrigues to obtain the government of one of the two fatal principalities; and, after having succeeded in his aim, his gray head has, like that of his brother, been affixed to the gate of the Seraglio."

See Dr. Neale's *Travels*—a book I have already referred to with great pleasure.

Note 10, Page 56.

No country.

See "*Essai sur les Fanariotes,*" a curious little book, written in French, by Mark Philip Zallony, a Greek, and published at Marseilles in 1824. It contains, with some interesting and correct information, great exaggeration or over-colouring. But it must be remembered, the author is a Catholic, and an islander.

Note 11, Page 59.

Bucharest and Jassy.

For a description of the pomp and state of these Greek courts, see Mr. W. Wilkinson's work on the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.

Note 12, Page 60.

The Bairam.

At this festival the nominations of the Porte are made or confirmed. A Pasha is never named for more than a year at a time.

Note 13, Page 61.

Franguestan.

Or Frankland, the name applied by the Turks to all Christendom.

CHAPTER III.

Note 1, Page 77.

Great Charms.

This portrait may be badly executed, but it was taken from the life, though not from an Armenian.

Note 2, Page 82.

Two eye-brows one.

That witty rogue, Hajji Babà, must have made the knowledge of this practice familiar. "Admire my eye-brows," cries the Persian dame, whom he is to recommend to a husband; "where will you meet with a pair that are so completely thrown into one?" "Hajji, always keep in mind my two eye-brows that look like one."

Note 3, Page 96.

A pipe.

The Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish women smoke. The Frank ladies seldom do; but their presence never interrupts the smoking of the gentlemen.

Note 4, Page 103.

Hands and feet.

Though naturally there are many exceptions, these qualities *generally* distinguish the Armenian race—the *ear* in a special manner.

Note 5, Page 104.

Mestlers.

Loose Morocco boots—the same for men and women.

Note 6, Page 104.

Pupul.

A euphonous female name, very common among the Armenians.

Note 7, Page 104.

To Mecca.

Once a-year a white mule, gaudily caparisoned and loaded with imperial offerings, is dispatched from the capital of the faithful, to the prophet's tomb.

CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, Page 106.

According to Tournefort and others, on quitting the shores, either of the Black Sea or the Caspian, the traveller keeps gradually ascending, until he reaches the wide flats or plains of Armenia; the disposition of the mountains, the Caucasus and Ararat, may also have a share in producing a cold bracing climate.

The authors of "Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia," describe Armenia as "one of the most elevated parts of Asia," and make frequent mention of intense cold, even during the summer months.

Xenophon, with his ten thousand, passed through Armenia; and the picture he drew of the country, may corroborate the statements of modern travellers.

After some hard fighting on the frontiers with the Carduchians, who seem to be much the same people as the Curdes of our days, the Greeks marched at once across the plain of Western Armenia, described as intermixed with hills of an easy ascent.

They suffered excessively from cold: and Xenophon says it was miserable to behold the men lying in the snow; the horses benumbed, and almost unable to rise; and the arms and baggage buried in deep snow. This part of the retreat of the ten thousand, offers incidents similar to those of the French flight from Moscow. They marched several days through deep snows; they crossed cold rivers; and forded the Euphrates not far from its source. Many of the slaves and sumpter horses, and some soldiers, fell down and died in the snow; and all suffered extremely from an intensely cold north wind, which blew right in their faces. The snow was a fathom in depth.

In this wretched plight, the enemy's light cavalry (like the Cossacks on the French) hung on the rear of Xenophon's army with destructive effect. I use Spelman's translation:—

"Some of the men, who had lost their sight by the

snow, or whose toes were rotted off by the intenseness of the cold, were unavoidably left behind. The eyes were relieved from the snow by wearing something black before them; and the feet against the cold, by continual motion, and by pulling off their shoes in the night. If any slept with their shoes on, the latchets pierced their flesh, and their shoes stuck to their feet; for when their old shoes were worn out, they wore carbatines made of raw hides. These grievances, therefore, occasioned some of the soldiers to be left behind; for, seeing a piece of ground that was black, because there was no snow upon it, they concluded it was melted, and melted it was by a warm vapour continually exhaling from a fountain in a valley near the place. Thither they betook themselves, and, sitting down, refused to march any further."

Xenophon in vain represented to them the fate they must expect from the enemy in their rear; and when he grew angry with them, "they bid him kill them, if he would, for they were not able to go on."

At the approach of the enemy, however, the Greeks would rise and fight; and as the French infantry, even to the very last, could throw off the Cossacks, so did Xenophon's suffering troops the barbarians.

In the midst of these horrors, many of the retreating army suffered from bulimy, which is described by Galen, as a disorder "in which the patient craves incessantly for victuals, loses the use of his limbs, falls down, and turns pale; his extremities become cold; his stomach oppressed, and his pulse scarce sensible."

In his valuable notes, Spelman thus defends the correctness of the Greek historian :—

“ Lest the veracity of our author should be suspected, when he speaks of deep snows and excessive frosts in Armenia, a country lying between the fortieth and forty-third degrees of latitude, I desire it may be considered, that all authors, both ancient and modern, agree, that the hills of this country are covered with snow ten months in the year. “ Tournefort, who was an eye-witness of it, thinks that the earth upon these hills being impregnated with sal ammoniac, the cold occasioned by it may hinder the snow from melting * * * Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain. When Lucullus, in his expedition against Mithridates, marched through Armenia, his army suffered as much by the frost and snow, as the Greeks under Xenophon; and when Alexander Severus returned through this country, many of his men lost their hands and feet through excessive cold. Tournefort also complains, that at Erzerum, though situated in a plain, his fingers were so benumbed with cold, he could not write till an hour after sun-rise.”

Tournefort, who arrived at Erzerum in the middle of June, describes the hills around the plain as then covered with snow; and states, that snow had fallen in the town on the 1st of June.

Having made out my proposition, that Armenia is a hardy climate, fit to produce a hardy race, by authorities ancient and modern, a few minutes may not be unprofitably employed in tracing some curious and lasting habits and customs. The following passage relating to

Armenia, as he found it, nearly four centuries before Christ, is from Xenophon :—

“Their houses were under ground; the mouth resembling that of a well, but spacious below: there was an entrance dug for the cattle, but the inhabitants descended by ladders. In these houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young. All the cattle were maintained within doors with fodder.” And it is thus, Sir Robert Ker Porter, on traversing what was probably the same plain of Armenia, more than two thousand years after the eloquent Greek (or in 1817) describes the natives’ domiciles.

“The huts of the peasantry lie so close to the earth, (in fact, the chief of the habitations are dug into it,) that little more than their dingy roofs are seen above the surface. The door is a mere hole, through which the occupier must stoop, if not crawl, to make his escape. Within it, appears a large gloomy den, lit from the roof by two or three other holes; and the inhabitants are in harmony with the place—men, women, and cattle, all pigging together; or, if any distinction is to be made, we find the beasts a few feet below their masters and mistresses, who have raised themselves a sort of shelf above their four-footed servants, with a fire-place in the corner, and a few dirty carpets on each side; and there they dwell, in plain fact, as happily as any of their distant Turkish lords in their harems.” *Travels*, vol. 2. p. 651.

Xenophon found abundance, but grossness, at the Armenian tables; and every trait of his description con-

veys the idea of a coarse people. Wheat, barley, and legumens, were heaped within their subterranean dwellings, and he found beer — *Oivos κριθίνος* — literally, “barley wine,” in great jars, “in which the malt itself floated even with the brims of the vessels; and with it reeds, some large, and others small, without joints. These, when any one was thirsty, he was to take into his mouth and suck... When any one had a mind to drink to his friend, he took him to the jar, where he was obliged to stoop, and, sucking, drink like an ox.”

I do not, however, find any mention of this Armenian beer in modern travellers, who all agree that the Armenians, in their native country, are great drinkers. Their *boisson par excellence*, is a sort of brandy, of which they may consume as much on their eastern mountains, as do our Highlanders of “mountain dew” in Morven.

Note 2, Page 106.

The Armenians paid tribute, and recognized the supremacy of the great eastern nations; but they were nearly always governed by princes of their own race, and ancient dynasties, and were left to their own laws and usages.

Note 3, Page 108.

“Since the age of Constantine, the Armenians had signalized their attachment to the religion and empire of the Christians. Under the rod of oppression, the zeal of the Armenians is fervent and intrepid: they have often preferred the crown of martyrdom to the white turban of Mahomet.”—*Decline and Fall*, xlvii.

Note 4, Page 110.

Comparative learning and civilization.

The brightest period of Armenian literature seems to have been in the fifth century ; but their efforts were renewed in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, when Europe was dark indeed !

Note 5, Page 112.

Kuzilbash, or red, or hot-heads, a name given to the Persians.

Note 6, Page 112.

Ecmiazin, (near Mount Ararat,) the residence of their Patriarch, may be considered the "Holy city" of the Armenians ; but innumerable sports within the Persian empire, are consecrated in their belief, as having been the scenes of their miracles and legends.

Note 7, Page 113.

Towards the realms of a Christian sovereign—i. e. towards Russia.

Note 8, Page 113.

The Armenians, as oppressed Christians, have always wished for this change of masters ; and we find one of their priests in India, telling Bishop Heber, that "they earnestly prayed, that they all might become the subjects of the Emperor, instead of Persia and Turkey."—See *Journal*, vol. 3, p. 208.

Note 9, Page 120.

The Venetian gulph.

Most of my readers will be aware of the existence of the Armenian society of *San Lazaro* at Venice. "This

society, called the Mukhitarian, was founded in the year 1712, by Mukhitar of the city of Sebastia. The members are all clerical persons, who have embraced the persuasion of the Church of Rome. Although it is a circumstance much to be deplored, (it is of course a Eutychean who speaks,) that they have abandoned the cause of their national church, yet I cannot refrain from applauding the extraordinary progress they have made in literature. The astonishing improvement they have made in our language, the number of useful books which they have published—except their controversial works on religion, which are calculated to do more harm than good to the nation—the excellent types brought into use by them, extort from us admiration and praise.”—See “*History of Armenia*,” by Father Michael Chamich, translated into English by Johannes Ardall, an Armenian, and printed at Calcutta, 1827. A book every way curious.

For the following interesting account of the visit made to that place, (in 1819,) I am indebted to the journal of an old friend and fellow-traveller.

“We took a gondola, and went to the island of San Lazaro, about three miles from Venice, now appropriated to the Armenian colony, or rather monastery.

“The Laguna, or lake, in which Venice stands, is interspersed with islands of all sizes, from the mere holm of a few yards, to the more extended insular village of as many acres. These are all quite flat, and generally covered with buildings and gardens, forming the only sort of country the Venetians are acquainted with.

“San Lazaro is about the middle size, and adorned with

a pretty garden, convent, church, library, &c. We landed in front of the house, an unassuming building, and proceeded to the library, where we saw many Armenian manuscripts; but our time being short, and our acquaintance with the language limited, we could not examine very deeply. All that we saw was on vellum, and very distinctly written. The subject was usually theology or alchemy, and none were of any antiquity. A translation of Eusebius into Armenian, had been discovered, much more perfect, we were told, than any Greek copy now extant. There are certainly many things in this translation not to be found in our copies of the original; but we had not time to examine whether they were translations of parts now lost, or additions by the translator. We are aware that ancient translations were very free, particularly those into the oriental languages, and this is probably not an exception.

“ Our cicerone, a jolly red-faced Armenian, with a fine black beard, that Julian might have envied, shewed us a part of this work that he had translated into Latin. This led us to talk of languages, and judging from his rubicund looks, which seemed to portend rather good living than hard study, we thought we might display a little; but we found ourselves in most languages much his inferior, and even our own mother-tongue he spoke almost as well as ourselves. Indeed, most of the inhabitants of San Lazaro spoke two or three languages besides their own. We had the pleasure of hearing the Armenian language spoken on all sides, which, from the unpronounceable combination of consonants abounding

in their words, we had supposed impossible. Lord Byron, we were told, had been there with the intention of learning Armenian, but he gave it up either in despair or disgust.

“We afterwards accompanied our conductor to the printing-office, where a newspaper is printed weekly, and circulated pretty generally in the Levant.

“There were two or three works in the press at that time, principally grammars and other elementary books.

“The chief occupation of the Armenians there was literature and psalmody; of the latter we were gratified with a specimen, though at the expense of our ears.

“We saw nothing further to engage our attention, and quitted our hosts much pleased with their civility.”

We must have been misinformed as to the extent of Lord Byron's acquirements in the Armenian language, or he must have improved after this period, (1819;) for among his papers is found a translation, made by himself, from an unpublished epistle of Saint Paul, which he found in Armenian, at Venice. The curious paper will appear in the forthcoming volume of Mr. Moore's life of the noble poet.

The following passage, from the pen of a learned German, contains recent and valuable information.

“Ce sont les mékhitaristes de Saint Lazare à Venise, qui, bien versés dans les sciences et la littérature de l'occident, ont, les premiers, cultivé leur langue avec succès, et nous ont donné, outre les précieux restes de la littérature grecque, tels qu' Eusèbe, Philon et Sévérianus, les premières éditions critiques de leurs classiques.

“ Ces laborieux et vertueux moines, dignes rivaux des bénédictins, travaillent avec un zèle et j'ose le dire, avec une probité littéraire qui serait bien à désirer dans toutes les branches de la littérature orientale, et qui nous laisse encore beaucoup espérer, et pour la littérature arménienne, et pour la littérature grecque ; car nous savons que les infatigables traducteurs, au V^e. et au VI^e. siècle de notre ère ont traduit presque tous les principaux auteurs de la Grèce, Homère, Polybe, Diodore, de Sicile et plusieurs autres. Il y a même, dans les classiques Arméniens qui sont imprimés ou en manuscrit, plusieurs indications sur des ouvrages grecs que nous ne possédons plus, et que le philologue lira certainement avec plaisir : tels sont l'argument de la tragédie d'Euripide, intitulée *Les Peliades*, dans la rhétorique Arménienne, que nous possédons sous le nom de Moïse de Khorène, et le fait que nous lisons au sujet du grammairien Hérodiën dans l'ouvrage de Jean Ezugazy, dans le manuscrit de la bibliothèque du Roi.

“ Ou s'occupe à présent à Saint Lazare d'une collection de tous les historiens et pères de l'église arménienne, à la manière de la grande collection des pères grecs ou des historiens byzantins.”—*Memoire sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de David, Philosophe Armenien du V^e ècle, &c.* par C. F. Neumann—Paris, 1829.

Note 10, Page 122.

Their own sacerdotal body.

“ Mais pour mettre fin à ces querelles, la cour de Rome décida, que les papas schismatiques auraient seuls le droit d'administrer les sacrements, de faire les mariages, les

baptêmes, les enterrements, et de retirer les profits qui y sont attachés, et que les prêtres Arméniens catholiques n'auraient que le prix de leurs messes, et le produit de la charité des fidèles. Les prêtres schismatiques, qui n'étaient persecuteurs que par intérêt pécuniaire, cessèrent de l'être depuis cet arrangement. Les prêtres Arméniens catholiques, favroisés par quelques ambassadeurs, ont la consolation de voir s'accroître journellement par des conversions le nombre de leurs disciples."—*M. Juchereau de Saint Denys. Rev. de Constantinople*, vol. i. p. 158.

The last remark of M. Juchereau, on the countenance bestowed on the Catholic Armenians, by certain ambassadors of Christian powers residing at Constantinople, may perhaps in part account for Sultan Mahmood's persecution of his Catholic rayahs, by giving him the motive of jealousy against foreign interference with his subjects.

Note 11, Page 123.

In Mahometan armies.

The rule has sometimes been departed from, but the Christian Albanians are of dubious faith, as well as some barbarous tribes, (Christians merely in name,) from the Black Sea, who have been occasionally enrolled. The Greeks were the strength of the Ottoman fleet, but they were not permitted to fire a gun.

Note 12, Page 125.

Cast-off cooks or valets.

Their transformation to physicians is very frequent, particularly if they should have visited Europe or tra-

velled with Europeans. Some years ago, an Englishman, Col. R., on returning to Constantinople from a tour in the Greek Islands, called on a friend who was sick. On entering his room, what was his surprise to see a fellow he had discharged some few months before for a bad cook, standing by the patient's bed with a silver-headed cane, and all the solemnity of a doctor. Col. R. addressed him, "*Come, Giovanni, tu fai il medico!*" The rogue had conscience enough left him to blush. "*Ah, Signore! cosa volete; non ho potuto più trovare servizio, Così m'ingegno, faccio da medico, e vene son chi sanno men di me!*"

Note 13, Page 129.

Familiar occurrence.

For the sufferings to which these caravans of merchants are exposed, see Burkhardt, or any Eastern traveller; but the finest pictures will be found in "*Anastasius.*"

Note 14, Page 130.

Maallim Moorsa.

For the admirable portrait of that Armenian wanderer, see "*Anastasius,*" vol. iii. chap. 4.

Note 15, Page 131.

Ind and Catai.

For many centuries the enterprising Armenian traders have frequented India, where, under the English, they now form considerable sedentary colonies. The earliest of the missionaries speak of Armenians on the borders of

China. They are indeed to be found every where—in the remote north, the south, in the distant east, and in the west; nor are the Jews more scattered than the Haïan people.

Page 132, (note omitted by mistake).

Seraffs to the Porte.

The nature of these perilous posts is thus ably described by M. Juchereau:—

“Les seraffes sont les banquiers des ministres de la Porte et des principaux employés. Chargés de retirer les revenus de leur maître, de les accroître par tous les moyens connus dans ce gouvernement corrompu, et de payer toutes les dépenses, ils identifient leur fortune avec celle du ministre qui les emploie. Si ce dernier succombe avant d'avoir pu s'enrichir, le seraffe perd alors, nonseulement ses avances, mais il est quelquefois mis à la torture pour payer la valeur des trésors supposés du ministre disgracié. Il paraît que, malgré de pareils dangers, ce commerce offre de bien grands avantages, puisque les Juifs, qui l'avaient autrefois et qui l'ont perdu par leur trop d'avidité, le regretterit encore et envient le bonheur des Arméniens.”—*Revolutions de Constantinople*, vol. i. p. 157.

Note 16, Page 136.

The subversion of the Ottoman empire with regret.

I share this opinion with the author I have just quoted. These are M. Juchereau's words:—

“Les Arméniens sont humbles, froids, timides, et

ignorants. Le commerce est leur seule occupation. Les sciences, les lettres, les beaux-arts sont dédaignés par eux. Ils n'apprennent dans leur enfance qu' à lire, écrire et compter. Aussi ignorants que leurs maîtres, ils paraissent attachés à leur servitude, et ne conçoivent pas qu'il puisse y avoir pour eux un autre état politique. Pacifiques et craintifs, ils détestent les secousses révolutionnaires et verraient avec peine la chute de l'empire Ottoman."—Vol. i. p. 159.

Note 17, Page 137.

The Armenians of Constantinople.

For the comparison, see Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*; Art. "Chameau." The naturalist is perhaps even more fanciful than usual, in describing the camel and the external consequences of its utter subjection to man; but his picture may be admitted as a simile.

Note 18, Page 138.

The Hebrew maid.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that this is Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's "*Ivanhoe*"—a glorious tale, in parts of which his Oriental colouring is so true and intense, that one might fancy the author had spent his life in the East, or in the study of Eastern matters. But this is genius!

Note 19, Page 141.

The real and present magnificence of the spot.

For descriptions and views of the Hippodrome, see D'Ohsson, Dallaway's *Constantinople*, ancient and modern, &c. &c.

Note 20, Page 143.

Ortakeui.

A miserable village on the Bosphorus, chiefly inhabited by the poor Jews. A few of the Catholic Armenians, who escaped the exile and persecutions of 1828, by conforming in externals to the Eutychean Armenian church, were relegated in this dirty, detestable place. One of this class, a clever, good-tempered fellow, who had known better days, thus described to me an ingenious contrivance by which he avoided the vermin that abounded there, *à ne pas le croire*. "I take care to examine and clean a large wooden table; on it I lay my mattress, and then I put the four legs of the table each into a pan of water on the floor; I am thus insulated—the bugs can't very well cross the water!"

"And do you escape their invasion?"

"Yes; all but that of a few bugs that may drop from the rafters and ceilings of the old house!"

Travellers in other countries than Turkey, may thank me for this information.

CHAPTER V.

Note 1, Page 145.

An hamal.—A Turkish porter.

Note 2, Page 148.

Kalemkiars.

Painted muslin handkerchiefs, much used in the coiffure of Eastern ladies. They are principally done

by the Armenians, and I have seen some very beautiful, both in design and colouring. Flowers and fruit are generally represented.

Note 3, Page 157.

Palamedes.

By some supposed to be young tunnies. They abound in the Black Sea, and at certain seasons descend in shoals the Bosphorus, where they are taken in vast quantities.

Note 4, Page 158.

Roman fasts.

The Greek fasts are much more rigid than the Catholic—they are not allowed to eat fish. But the Armenians exceed the Greeks in severity, as much as the Greeks do the Romans.

Note 5, Page 159.

Cocona.

Romaïc for *mademoiselle*, or *signorina*.

Note 6, Page 162.

From beneath their house.

Parts of the residences on the banks of the Bosphorus, being generally built on piles, over the water, admit the boats beneath them.

CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, Page 168.

Bezesteen.—The Bazaars.

Note 2, Page 169.

Resurrection.

See *L'Essai sur les Fanariotes*, already mentioned. The Roman Catholic author is, as in duty bound, very severe on the discipline and ceremonies of the Greek church. He expresses a deep regret, in which we may partake, that disunion and enmity should reign among the Christians of the East, and he contemplates the possibility of an orthodox re-union of the Greek and Roman churches. But it is the Greek who is to cede every thing and to conform; it is the rejecter of the *filioque*, the contemner of the Pope, who is to find it easy to reconcile the differences, "which only consist in some formulas;" to have the archbishops of his nation invested in the Vatican—"to have the *credo* sung at Constantinople as at Rome, and then all is finished!"

Now, though the Greek church is bad enough, I would rather take the converse, and see the spiritual union effected by the Catholics embracing its creed. The Greek church is every way more liberal than the Roman;—it does not interdict, but lends its hand to the dissemination of the Scriptures; it has no auricular confession, it has never pretended to *infallibility*, and it is improving, and will improve rapidly, as the Greek people advance in the career of civilization, on which they are now but starting.

For the present condition and prospects of the Greek church, I may refer to a work lately published by the Rev. Mr. Waddington. (London, Murray, 1829.)

Note 3, Page 171.

Keff.

Jollity, a jollification.

Note 4, Page 171.

Ayasma.

As it is pronounced, (but more correctly Agiasma) means a holy fountain. Mr. North Douglas, who, in his "Essay on certain points of resemblance between the ancient and modern Greeks," has left us an exquisite little book, thus describes these places of festive resort:—

"The Agiasmata, or holy fountains, may be ranked among the most classical superstitions of the modern Greeks. Circumstances of various import have conferred this reputation of sanctity upon many springs within the walls of Constantinople; but a romantic and solitary situation, the neighbourhood of a cavern or a grove, are the usual characteristics of an *αγιασμα*.

———"Silvis scena coruscis

Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.

Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum :

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;

Nympharum domus."

Æn. lib. i. v. 165.

"To these fountains, multitudes will flock at certain festivals, to invoke the Saint, (the genius loci,) whose protection they are peculiarly thought to enjoy, and, by their songs and dances, to express the gay and joyous feelings which such situations have ever excited in the glowing

constitutions of the Greeks. Their sick are brought in crowds to drink the waters, which, destitute of all medicinal qualities in themselves, owe their influence entirely to the patronage of some superior being; and it would be thought the greatest impiety and ingratitude in those who receive or fancy they receive his help, to neglect affixing a lock of hair, or a strip of linen, as the "*votiva tabella*," which may at once record the power of the Saint, and the piety of his votary.

"Pausanias mentions many streams that were supposed to have a power of healing those who are favoured by their peculiar deities. The description of the fountain Arethusa, in the *Odyssey*, may give a very just idea of a modern *αγιασμα*"

I have often visited these scenes with extreme delight, and can answer for the truth of the classical picture.

Note 5, Page 172.

The light kiosk.

Erected in the pleasantest part of the vale of the "Sweet Waters," by Sultan Achmet III.

Note 6, Page 173.

The released coursers.

The Sultan's stud are sent out to grass in this valley, after St. George's day. For a magnificent picture of the spot, see "*Anastasius*;" and for some peculiarities, I may refer to "*Constantinople in 1828*."

Note 7, Page 179.

His own native land.

I have remarked, in my book of travels, a resemblance, real or imaginary, between the Bulgarian peasants, who attend the Sultan's horses, and our Highlanders.

Note 8, Page 181.

The capture of Constantinople.

"Ici le cap élevé de Kandilli, sur la côte d'Asie, et celui qui lui est opposé sur la côte d'Europe, offrent entre eux un des endroits les plus resserrés du Bosphore: ils y séparent les vents, les températures et les courans lorsque les vents changent. Ce point est marqué pour le passage du détroit."—*Essai sur de Bosphore, par M. Le Comte Andreossy.*

Note 9, Page 189.

Saint Dimitri, &c.

Names of different suburbs or quarters of Stamboul.

CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, Page 203.

A carnival mask.

All those who have passed a carnival in Italy, and have been addressed by the maskers at Venice, or Rome, or Naples, must have remarked the odd sound of their

voices, even when not attempting to disguise them. The voices of the eastern ladies under their yashmacks always struck me as resembling them.

Note 2, Page 204.

To settle with his seraff.

This case often occurred. An Armenian banker or seraff would make an advance of money to a pasha to procure a government, and the Porte would put to death the pasha before he could pay his debts. What property the pasha might possess at the moment, was seized by the Porte, without regard either to the victim's family or his creditors. The rate of interest exacted by the Armenian was always very high, or proportionate to the risk. If the pasha retained his life and his government for a few years, the banker made a good thing of it; but the contrary being more frequently the case, and many Armenians suffering severe losses from the deposition of their creditors before they could repay their advances, they some years back withheld their essential supplies. The Porte, whose operations were thus checked, for they could no longer sell a post when no candidate had money to buy, was obliged to interfere; they found it expedient *to protect* so useful a portion of their subjects, by granting them a firman for the sale of as much of the disgraced grandee's property as would cover them for the advances made to him. This firman, however, was of less consequence than their acknowledging, as lawful, the Armenians' rate of interest, or twenty-four per cent. per annum, which is double that of the usual

interest of the country. I have had occasion to allude more than once to the perils to which these bankers are exposed.

"The first thing," says Dr. Walsh, "always done on the execution of a public man, is to seal up his house; the next, to seize on his banker; and if any doubt arises as to the real value of the effects, he is immediately put to the torture to extort confession." Yet these men know all this before they start on the dangerous career—they play with open stakes! and our sympathy for them must be diminished by a review of their sordid characters, and the assurances, that, like the Jews their predecessors, they are not always sensible to the voice of honesty. I have heard it asserted, on good authority, that one of the principal foundations of Armenian wealth was laid during the troubles that accompanied the overthrow of the Sultan Selim. The seraffs to the many great Turks who suffered in one way or another, then retained quiet possession of immense wealth in their hands belonging to those unfortunate men.

Note 3, Page 204.

Handjar.

A dagger worn in the girdle. The haft is set with jewels.

Note 4, Page 207.

Tabute.

A sort of portable hearse, in which dead bodies are carried to the grave.

Note 5, Page 207.

Harm done.

The Armenian women are very prolific ; but I observed in Turkey, that Greeks, Jews, and all, had more numerous families than the Turks.

Note 6, Page 208.

Levend Chiflik.

Where Sultan Selim constructed some fine barracks for his nizam-djedid, or regular troops. They were destroyed by the Janissaries, but not till after his death. "The first time I rode to Therapia, my friend, Mr. Z., took me a little to the right of the road, and showed me the site of the ill-fated building, which was just marked by a few remaining stones of the foundation walls."—*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 212.

In ancient statues.

I remember a beautiful female bust—a work of the Greek chisel—found at Herculaneum, and now in the museum of Naples, which closely resembles what I have attempted to describe in the living Greek lady.

Note 8, Page 214.

The toes.

I have often remarked in the feet of living Greeks, a formation found in their ancient statues—the second toe is longer than the great toe, and all the toes fall flat to the earth.

Note 9, Page 217.

And cut your throat.

When in their cups, their insane hatred to the Greeks is pretty sure to take possession of the Turks. A certain party of Franks at the village of Bournabat, near Smyrna, who had the imprudence to let a Turk get drunk in their company, were thrown into no trifling alarm, when the madman got up, unsheathed his yataghan, and swore "he was in a humour to kill a Greek!"

Note 10, Page 220.

A really devoted servant.

It must be said in justice to the lower order of Turks, that where *they take*, they are susceptible of great fidelity and attachment: this has often been proved even by Christians.

Note 11, Page 221.

The Bostandjis.

The Bostandji-Bashi is charged with the police of the Bosphorus and its villages.

Note 12, Page 229.

Blood.

The belief in omens is general in the East, and that of blood is of fatal import. Mr. Hope has seized the prevailing superstition with his usual effect. "See Anastasius," chap. vi.

Note 13, Page 233.

Chelibi.

This word is used by the Greeks as *Effendi*, by the Turks, it means "gentleman."

Note 14, Page 238.

At the judgment day.

“Généralement toutes les tombes sont convertes de terre, et élevées au dessus, du sol, pour empêcher que personne n’y marche, et ne foule aux pieds les corps des Musulmans. *Il n’y a ni plaques de marbre, ni aucun monument sur la fosse même* ; on n’y voit que des fleurs ou des boules de myrte, d’if, de buis, &c. Celles du peuple ne présentent que deux socles de pierres plates ou ovales, toujours plantés verticalement, aux deux extrémités de la fosse. Les tombeaux des citoyens aisés et des gens d’un certain rang, se distinguent par la nature de ces socles : ils sont de marbre fin, et celui qui est du côté de la tête est surmonté d’un turban aussi de marbre. La forme de cette coëffure indique l’état et la condition du mort, parceque les différentes classes des citoyens sont distinguées autant par le turban que par le reste du costume. Les tombeaux des femmes ne diffèrent de ceux des hommes, qu’en ce que les deux socles sont uniformes, plats, et terminés en pointe.”—*D’Ohsson.*

The following pleasing passage, relative to Turkish graves, is from an old English traveller :—

“Therein they plant such kinds of plants and flowers as endure green all the winter long, which seem to grow out of the dead body, thinking thereby to reduce it again into clay, though not in the sense of sensible creatures yet of those vegetables, which is the next degree, and perhaps a preferment beyond the dust.”—*Voyage in the Levant*, by Henry Blount, Esq. 1634.

Note 17, Page 242.

The marble quarry.

It is true that the materials of ancient temples and other beautiful edifices, have principally supplied the Turks.

Note 18, Page 244.

Vourvoulacki, or *Varvoulacka*, the Vampire. "The vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. . . . I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror."—*Note to Lord Byron's Giaour.*

Note 19, Page 244.

Bosh—Nonsense, stuff.

Bosh lacrédi—Words void of sense.

They are Turkish words—I suppose, expressive ones, for they are used by all classes, from the Frank who interlards his French with them, to the Greek who mixes them with his Romaïc, or the Jew, who further corrupts his Castilian with them.

Note 20, Page 244.

Paramana—Romaïc for a nurse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1, Page 248.

Palikari. Romaïc for "lad."

Note 2, Page 248.

Oxè.

Is used by the Greek donkey drivers, in the same sense as the Spaniards employ their *arré burra* to their mules and asses.

Note 3, Page 249.

Ingliz.

Probably a corruption of the Italian "Inglese"—an Englishman.

Note 4, Page 250.

The street of the "Dunghills."

In the Romaïc, *Coprieis*. The fashionable street of Smyrna is so called. The site was once a vast dunghill, and many a dunghill and filthy ditch is still within a few yards of it.

Note 5, Page 250.

Jannem.

"My soul!"—The expression is Turkish, but used by all the Levantines.

Note 6, Page 253.

A stream.

This is a branch of the "Sacred Meles:" Homer's own river, if we are to believe tradition. I cannot say much of its beauty. In part of its course, where it runs through the town of Smyrna, it has a striking resemblance to Fleet-ditch, as it was years ago.

Note 7, Page 256.

Suléiman-Agha.

He was once governor of Athens, and the jovial companion of Lord Byron.

Note 9, Page 258.

Kaïemena!

A common Romaïc exclamation.

Note 10, Page 259.

Pointed stick.

This the Greeks at Smyrna and the islands use instead of a whip or cudgel, and it answers much better. The mode of application is to tickle the donkey over the spine—he is sure to quicken his pace. Sometimes, instead of a pointed stick, a piece of iron with a blunt point is used; and if, as is generally the case, it be furnished with a link or two of iron chain, to tinkle, the effect is prodigious. I sometimes tried a small bunch of keys, which always produced the same effect—away went the donkey! Smyrna asses must have musical ears, which is more than I could venture to say of Smyrna men and women.

Note 11, Page 264.

Abou-Halife,

Of whom great wonders are told by the Mahometans, lived in the first century of the Hegira.

Note 12, Page 264.

Caïmac.

Something very like Devonshire cream.

CHAPTER IX.

Note 1, Page 268.

Peaceful subject.

The excesses of the Janissaries are but too well known. Had the order existed in its strength at the time of the battle of Navarino, it is probable that some of us then in Turkey, would not have returned to tell tales about them in England.

Note 2, Page 269.

Odas, or Ortas.

Janissary regiments.

Note 3, Page 270.

Hadji-Bektash.

The dervish who founded the order of the Janissaries.

Note 4, Page 271.

The Turks.

Busbequius gives this information on Turkish sobriety ;
 "Some Turks supped with me often at Buda, and were mightily taken with the delicious sweetness of my wine.
They continued carousing till late at night, but afterwards I grew weary of the sport, and therefore rose from table, and went to my chamber; but as for them, they went away sad, because they had not their full swing at the goblet, but were able to stand upon their

feet. As soon as I was gone, they sent a youth after me, desiring me to let them have their fill of wine, and that I would lend them my silver cups to drink it in. I granted their request, and ordered so much wine to be given to them as they desired. Being thus accommodated, they tippled it out so long, till they were even dead drunk, and, tumbling down, lay fast asleep upon the ground!"

Note 5, Page 273.

In detail.

An indiscriminate massacre, like that at Smyrna and other places, was not however perpetrated in Constantinople.

Note 6, Page 273.

Orta.

Janissary regiment. Every *orta* had distinctive marks done on their arms, in a style much like that ingeniously adopted by some of our sailors. On certain conditions, an Armenian, or even a Jew, could become a member of an *orta*, and thenceforward enjoy Janissary protection.

Note 7, Page 273.

Spoon.

The Janissaries wore spoons stuck in the fronts of their enormous caps.

Note 8, Page 274.

No aperture.

The Greek calpack has a finger-hole in the crown—the Armenian has not.

Note 9, Page 277.

Gehenna.

Anglice, Hell!

Note 10, Page 278.

Turkish burying grounds.

Part of the "*Grand champs de morts*" above Pera, was a favourite residence of the dogs. In the summer of 1828, I saw them burrowing in holes like rabbits. Every one of the matrons seemed to have had a recent increase of family; and I went there so frequently, that I at last fancied I could distinguish the different litters by their family likeness. Turkish graves are very shallow, and a friend of mine once saw, to his horror, two of these dogs turned body-snatchers!

Note 11, Page 281.

Crassi, or (better) *Crasi*.

Romaïc for wine.

Note 12, Page 282.

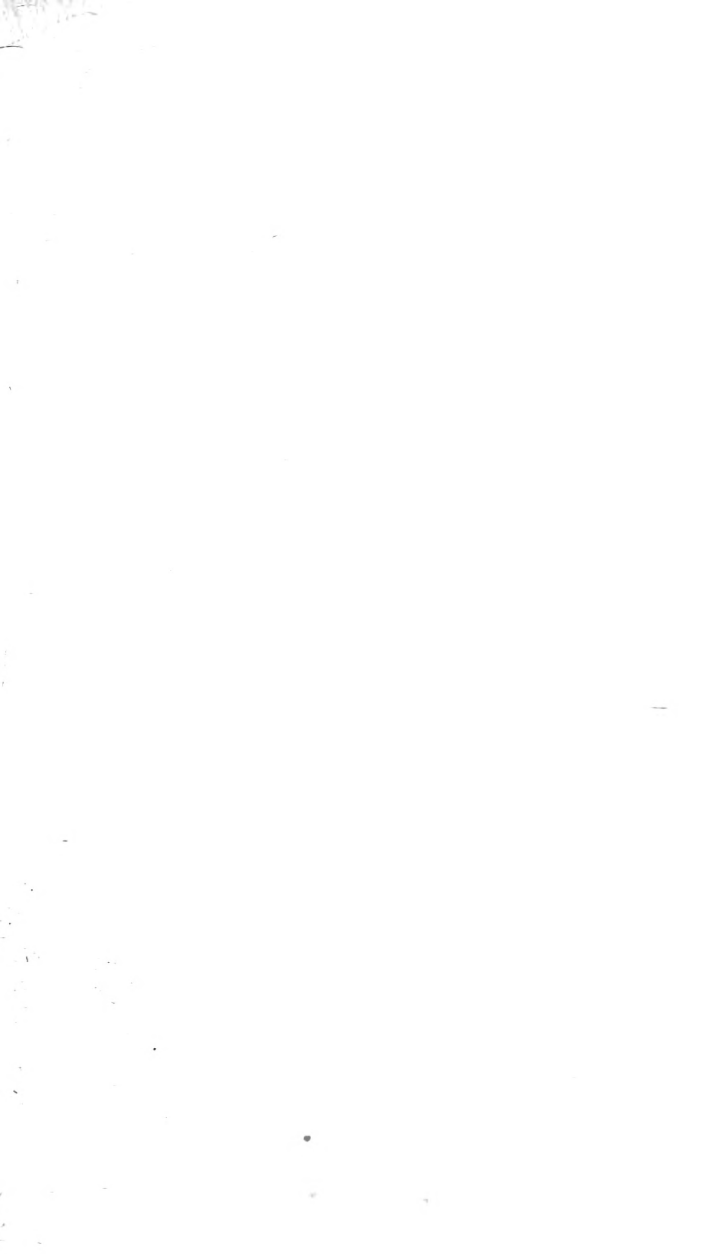
Mahmoodier.

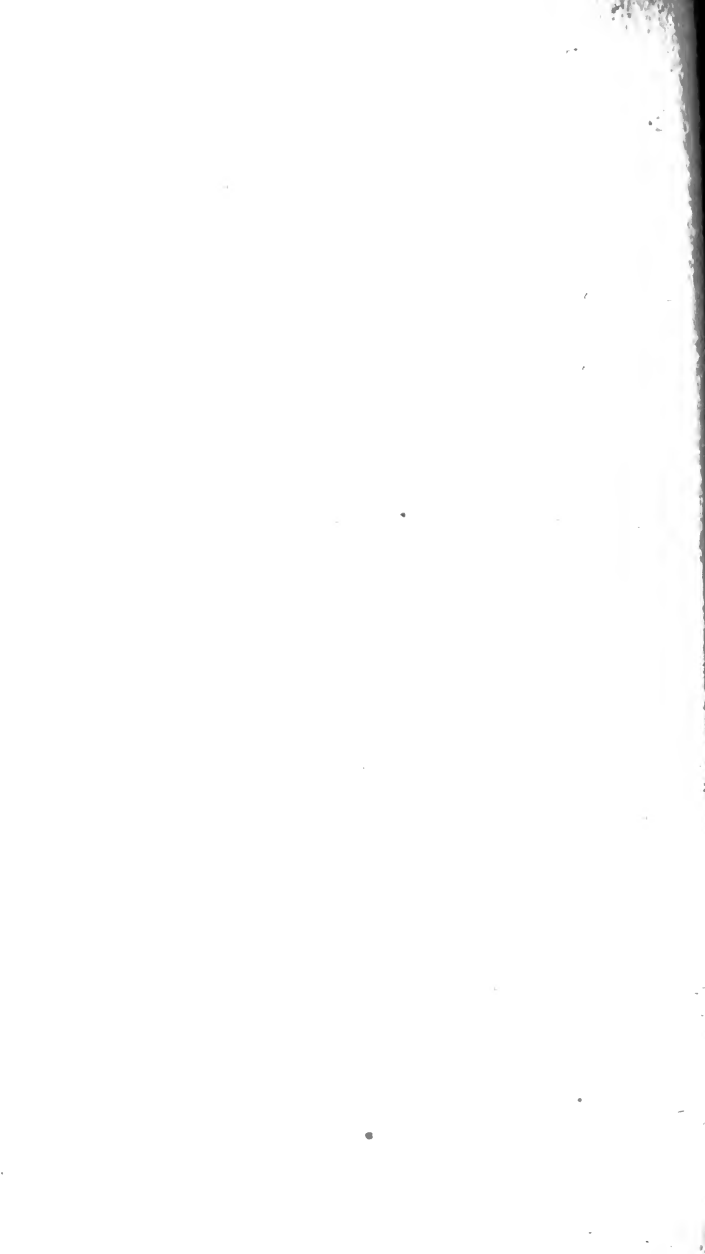
A Turkish coin of the value, I believe, of twenty-five piastres. They had disappeared before my arrival in the country.

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